The Nation.

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The Week.

THE House may not give President McKinley the "ample revenues" which he requests, but there is no doubt about its willingness to send him ample appropriations. It has already passed, practically without debate, the four appropriation bills, aggregating $75,000,000, which Mr. Cleveland refused to sign on account of their gross extravagance. Chairman Cannon stated, when these bills were first passed, that they were "in excess of the legitimate demands of the public service"; more, that they contained "many old claims, some of them of questionable and doubtful character"—in fact, "claims that are based upon fraud." But now he helps rush these inflated bills through again. Why? The bills are bad, that is confessed; but if we stopped to make new ones, they would be worse. As it is, the Senate can be trusted to make them worse. They will undoubtedly reach President McKinley in a shape still more indefensible than that which encountered Mr. Cleveland's veto. We shall then see in what sense Mr. McKinley meant the words uttered by him on March 4: "The severest economy must be observed in all public expenditures, and extravagance stopped wherever it is found, and prevented wherever in the future it may be developed."

Mr. Dingley has some hard things to say, in his report on the tariff bill, about "speculators importing wool," into whose pockets, he alleges, the money will be turned that should go into the Treasury. In this connection we have a fair question to ask of the chairman of the ways and means committee, who is himself interested in woollen manufacture. He is said, by Washington correspondents, to be "touchy" about this fact, but it is a fact. Through his family, if not directly, he is interested in a woollen mill at Lewiston. Has that mill been speculating in imported wool? Has that mill been stocking up with a year's supply of free wool, and will it buy every pound of free wool it can get hold of before the Dingley tax goes into effect? Will it, in Mr. Dingley's words, turn into its own pockets and those of the Dingley family the money which, he says, ought to go into the Treasury? On this we have to say that, if the Dingley mill is not doing this, it is not doing what all the other mills are doing.

In the new tariff bill an attempt is made to get over the difficulty created by the decision in the case of the United States vs. Burr (159 U. S. 78). The enacting clause, like the act of 1894, provides that on and after May 1, 1897, there shall be levied on imported articles the duties prescribed in the act. But it is provided in section 26 that the repeal of the old law is to "take effect on May 1, 1897"; the idea of the framers of the measure apparently being that this will clinch the matter, surmount the difficulties caused by the unwillingness of the Supreme Court to hold the intention of Congress in passing a tariff to be retrospective, and bring the new rates into play from May 1 even if the law is not actually signed till October. But they have at the same time added this clause to guard existing rights: "But the repeal of existing laws or modifications thereof embraced in this act shall not affect any act done, or any right accruing or accrued, or any suit or proceeding had or begun in any civil cause before the said repeal or modifications; but all rights and liabilities under said laws shall continue and may be enforced in the same manner as if said repeal or modifications had not been made." The effect of such provisions, in advance of judicial decision, cannot be predicted. The bill, whenever passed, repeals the old tariff as of May 1, and puts its own duties in force on the same day, yet rights and acts done under the present act are not affected at all. On the face of the bill, a very strong argument might be made that, should the date of passage be, say, October 1st, the result would be, under U. S. vs. Burr, that the new tariff would go into effect October 1st, while the old tariff would have come to an end May 1st, and that all duties collected in the interim would have been illegal. No court, however, will sustain such a conclusion if it can be escaped. It will probably take a good deal of what we may call horse-law to get at the bottom of this; but there is one point that is clear now, and that is that the bill is a loud threat that, however long the tariff may take in passing, it will be made to look as retroactive as possible. The rush to take goods out of bond began even before it was reported.

The present tariff allows travellers to bring in clothing and personal effects, provided they are "actually in use," and "necessary and appropriate" for "the purposes of their journey and present comfort and convenience." Under this clause it is estimated by careful students that 100,000 depraved persons who pass the summer in Europe have brought in about $500 worth apiece of clothing and personal effects, dutiable say at an average of 40 per cent. This has meant a loss of $20,000,000 a year. The Dingley bill guards against this for the future by providing that the articles must be for the "immediate" purposes of the journey, and, in case of citizens or residents of the United States, no more than $100 worth a head shall be allowed. The exemption is not to apply at all to residents of other countries entering the United States "more than once a year." This is a severe blow at a practice similar to that which was vigorously dealt with in the immigration bill. But the Dingley bill is not intended to be hard on the innocent. Mr. Dingley foresaw that the traveller who went abroad for the summer would have just cause for complaint if he were not allowed to bring back the shirt, drawers, shoes and stockings, and trousers, and even the coat and vest, in which he went to Europe, without paying duties on them; and this is permitted. He may bring back any articles of wearing apparel "provided they have not been advanced in value or improved in condition" by foreign "labor or manufacture," without paying a cent, "upon their identity being established under appropriate rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury." Anybody can see that there is nothing unfair in this. Such articles are seldom improved by foreign labor or even manufacture, and, moreover, it is comparatively easy of execution, because there is practically no way of "identifying" the underclothing which any one brings back in October as the same that he took away in May, except by his own statement or oath. Oath it should be, for nobody but the person himself knows what he took abroad with him.

Among the barbarous provisions of the Dingley tariff bill is one which repeals the drawback on tin plate when reëxported in the form of cans or other packages for petroleum, cotton-seed oil, lard, meats, vegetables, fruits, fish, oysters, condensed milk, etc. This drawback enables our packers to compete with foreigners in these trades. The material of which the package is composed is an essential part of the exported article, and whatever burden we impose on it is a tax on exports. It was considered a great merit of the McKinley tariff that this drawback was allowed. Now it is proposed to cut it off, and thus put a tax of 1½ cents per pound on all the tin cans which are used for these purposes. This is proposed merely to give an additional bounty to the small number of tin-plate manufacturers in the United States, whose industry is not the hundredth part in magnitude of the canning industry which it is intended to smite with this new and monstrous provision. It is a common practice of tariff lunacy to sacrifice large interests for the benefit of small ones. This has been done hundreds of times before, but never, we think, to such a disastrous and fatal extent as is proposed

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in this measure. There was imported into the United States for the fiscal year 1896, 385,139,183 pounds of foreign tin plate, of which it is estimated that 200,000,000 was reëxported in the form of tin packages filled with the products of our farms, orchards, fisheries, and oil refineries. The blow, if it falls, will strike the farmers and fruit-growers more severely than any other classes, because it will curtail the foreign market for their products. Such large corporations as the Standard Oil Company and the Cotton-Seed Oil Company can manufacture their tin packages in bonded warehouses without paying duty on the tin plate at all. This provision of the existing law is not disturbed by the Dingley bill. But the small packer cannot avail himself of this provision, because the machinery would be too expensive for the moderate business he conducts.

There is as much confusion about the sugar duties in the Dingley bill as there was about the same duties in the Wilson or Gorman bill of 1894, the point of interest relating to the amount of protection awarded to the sugar-refining company. One thing, however, is certain, viz., that whatever protection is given in this way is an outright gratuity to the richest monopoly in the United States, at the expense of the consumers of a necessary article of food. It is a fact well known to the trade in this country, and in Europe as well, that the product of the American refineries is the best in the world. It must be set down to their credit that their sugar is worth one-fourth cent per pound more than that of any other country. In other words, they have an advantage, due to their superior skill or better machinery, equal to one-fourth cent per pound. They have an advantage in the home market of another one-fourth cent in the cost of freight, insurance, interest, loss in weight, landing charges, and selling commission. In other words, they have one-half cent per pound protection before the tariff protection begins. In addition to this they will profit on all the sugar they can bring in before the increased duty takes effect. There is no way to avoid this, and it is not a thing to be complained of any more than the profit due to their superior business capacity. But these things will necessarily be taken into account in estimating any gratuities added by the Dingley bill.

It seems that reciprocity in tariffs is not a game of solitaire. Two or more can play it at the same time. So they think in France, at all events. The tariff of that country is framed so as to allow considerable discretion on the part of the Executive in the arrangement of duties according as they are treated fairly or unfairly by other nations. There is a general tariff which may be called a Chinese wall (something like our McKinley tariff). Then there is authority to relax it in favor of one country or another with which France has commercial treaties. Despatches from Washington say that the French Government has already taken notice of the Dingley bill, and has anticipated it by increasing the duty on American pork products about 50 per cent. The advantage of this prompt action is that France can ask us to a feast of reciprocity before we can get our invitations printed. Of course Germany will not be much behind, and probably Belgium and the lesser countries of Europe (not to mention Canada, Argentina, and Australia) will imitate the action of their big neighbors in this particular. We hope that they may. Nothing can be more beneficial in the long run than the universal adoption of the McKinley idea of getting rich by beggaring one's neighbors. The ideal system would be prohibition of imports, bounties on exports, and trade carried on exclusively by smugglers.

The arbitration treaty was reported, with the amendments agreed upon, on Thursday. Mr. Morgan at once attacked it, on the ground that Great Britain was the "general enemy of all nations," that it was ever striving for territorial aggrandizement and "the valuable possessions of the world," that there was a "hidden pitfall" for the United States in the treaty, and that it had been negotiated in response to a sentiment "that ought not to exercise the slightest control in the management of the affairs of a great nation," to wit, we take it, the desire for peace. At about the same time, a pamphlet was submitted to the Senate, containing the petition of a thousand of the most influential and representative men in the country that the treaty be ratified without amendments. This petition was made up in such a way that it was necessarily representative, as it was sent by the national arbitration committee to well-known men in all callings without reference to their opinions, or to anything but their distinction and eminence. The result was 932 for, to 12 against, ratification. The amendments, though not of such importance as to make the treaty, even with them, anything but a distinct gain to civilization, are silly; it is childish to leave out the Supreme Court Judges; it is childish to leave out King Oscar because he is a King; it is merely playing into the hands of the Jingoes to agree to arbitrate on certain terms and at the same time reserve the right to refuse to carry out the agreement in any specific instance. Especially is this so if, as is contended, the right exists in any case, whether it be reserved or not. Besides this, all the Jingoes really desire is that England shall know that we will go to war, if we want to, over the Monroe Doctrine. The right to do that no agreement can take away from us, because Congress still has the power to declare war.

One of the best statutes that have been prepared this winter is one introduced in Illinois by Mr. Sutton, a member of what is elegantly called the "lower house" at Springfield. It is at the vile business of carrying on a department store, by means of capital organized in the form of a corporation, that the sturdy Illinois commoner aims. Violations of the act are punished by heavy fines, and provision is made that one-half the fine shall go to the complainant. Foreign corporations are prohibited from carrying on any retail mercantile business in the State. It is difficult to see how this act can be evaded. It may be said that a department store may be carried on in the name of a firm, or individual, or even a Trust, but that is not a crime. The crime consists in low prices established by a corporation, and this it is which will be broken up. The idea of dividing the fine is a good one; the great thing in these statutes is to insure prosecution. The Attorney-General, left to himself, might connive at the crime and let the case be pigeonholed; but under Mr. Sutton's bill the complainant will simply say: "Now, Mr. Attorney-General, whose suit is this, anyway? If you don't prosecute and let me get half the fine, I'll tell what I know about you." Thus, at one blow, are crime in the department store and corruption in the Attorney-General's office brought to an end.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the United States against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, brought to dissolve the association, is of importance for more than one reason. It is, in the first place, very important that it should have been decided, even by a divided court, that the Anti-Trust act of 1890 prohibits railroad contracts made "in restraint of trade." This was one of the points made in the Traffic Association case recently argued before Judge Lacombe and two other Judges in the Circuit Court of Appeals in this city, and by them unanimously decided the other way. The interpretation of the statute by the Supreme Court is final, and we know now that the act applies to railroads. The next point dwelt upon with characteristic vigor by Justice Peckham, in delivering the majority opinion, is, that under the act an agreement to maintain rates is illegal if "in restraint of trade," whether the contract is reasonable or unreasonable, and whether the intention of the companies was to restrain trade or not. The idea underlying this is that the object of traffic agreements relating to interstate commerce may be to keep rates above what they would be if the railroads were left to themselves. It is at this point that law and fact in Justice Peckham's opinion seem to part company. The law, as declared by him, says that an agreement to maintain rates "restrains trade," when it is a matter of common knowledge that

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the object of such agreements is to promote trade. It cannot be seriously maintained that an agreement restrains trade, in fact, unless it appears that there is reason to believe that without it trade would increase. On this head Justice Peckham says nothing except that some persons think it would, and others that it would not, but declares that this makes no difference, for the question is one "of law"; *i. e.*, any contract by which a railroad's control over its rates is temporarily parted with restrains trade, because it restrains the railroad.

Any one can see that this argument, if it applies to railroads, applies to any contract made by man. A contract is an agreement by which corporations or individuals agree for a certain time to do or refrain from doing certain acts — to make, for instance, certain goods for a certain price, or to perform certain services for a certain remuneration. While the agreement is enforced, the right of the corporation or the individual to dispose of his time or materials at other rates or on other terms is restrained. It is in fact taken away. What takes it away? Nothing but the law. What lawyers call the *vinculum* or bond of a contract is some species of restraint which induces people to keep their contracts. So that when Justice Peckham denounces a traffic agreement as being in restraint of trade, without any proof that it restrains trade in fact, he denounces every contract in the country, and lays down principles which would enable Congress to declare all contracts illegal. This decision must be added to the long line of deplorable decisions, beginning with the legal-tender cases, in which the court has revealed its weak grasp of the fundamental principles of law and government by dividing almost evenly upon them. The dissenting opinions of Judges Field, Gray, Shiras, and White, when they are printed, will no doubt demonstrate with an incisiveness quite equal to the energy of Judge Peckham (on whose side were the Chief Justice and Judges Brewer, Harlan, and Brown) that the case ought to have been decided the other way, that the Anti-Trust law did not apply, or else that, if it did, a case had not been made out under it.

The nomination of Mr. John Hay as Ambassador to England, accompanied as it is by that of Mr. Henry White as first secretary, will be received with satisfaction by everybody who knows the requirements of the position and the difficulty in the way of making good selections. Mr. Hay is in the prime of life, has had some diplomatic experience in lower positions, is well known as a literary man, and, finally (a fact which cannot be treated as of slight importance), is possessed of ample means. Mr. White was first secretary for years, knows everything that there is to know of London, has had a delightful house there himself, and is just the man to give to a new Ambassador the social assistance which any new American functionary unversed in the world of London so craves in going there. Of course the politicians did not want Mr. White. He has had the place too long, he is "un-American," and he will not let the embassy be used by the shady characters who throng to London, whenever they see their chance, to get a social rehabilitation or start of some sort at the hands of our Ambassador. Mr. White has had great experience in holding such adventurers at bay, and is a master of the art. The adventurers, who generally come with some sort of recommendation from Washington, when rebuffed, "take it out" of the secretary by denouncing him to their Senator, Representative, or other backer as aristocratic, exclusive, and English. For doing his duty in this way, Mr. White has been, and no doubt will continue to be, roundly abused; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the abuse is the measure of the discharge of his duty, and he will have a superior whose own inclinations and tastes ought to insure for him support.

The President's choice of Powell Clayton as Minister to Mexico was expected, and we suppose we ought to be thankful that a worse choice was not made. No concealment is attempted of the fact that the appointment is made for political service rendered, not on the ground of even moderate fitness. But such has been pretty steadily the only reason of diplomatic appointments to American countries for many years. We love them all with a true Monroe affection, but we usually insult them and disgrace ourselves by the consuls and, sometimes, the ministers we send them. Mexico has certainly deserved better things at our hands. Think of the accomplished gentleman, Señor Romero, she has kept for so many years as her representative in the United States. Then think of the collection of modified gentlemen we have sent to her capital.

There are many conflicting accounts of the real causes of the blocking of Lauterbach's State police bill which has occurred at Albany. One is, that Gov. Black is the chief cause, and that he has given notice to the Legislature of his unalterable opposition to the bill in order to assert himself as an independent factor of the Platt Government. This finds many believers. Another explanation is, that Platt was never really in favor of the bill, but allowed Lauterbach to have his way about it, meaning all the time to let it fail. Another theory is, that neither Platt nor Lauterbach had any intention of pushing the measure, but merely put it forward as a bluff designed to alarm either Mr. Roosevelt or the Mayor, or both, in the hope that one or the other or both might weaken and be more yielding towards the Platt machine. Still another theory is, that the measure was to be used to give the Governor a chance to show that he really is a Governor and not a mere Platt agent, like Lauterbach, Lexow, O'Grady, Austin, and the others. We do not pretend to say which of these explanations is the true one. The remarkable Government under which we are living moves in such a mysterious way that all efforts to discover its propelling forces are vain. Its basic principle is, "What does the old man want?" and only those who are permitted to enjoy his personal confidence can answer this question. As for serious ruptures in his government, we have not much expectation that such will occur.

The first fruit of the extension of the suffrage in Austria has been a crushing defeat of the Liberals in the recent elections. Probably less than 100 German Liberals and Social Democrats will oppose, in the new Reichsrath of 425 members, the heterogeneous groups of Christian Socialists, Clericals pure and simple, Czechs, Poles, and Feudalists of whatever nationality, out of whom Count Badeni will construct his majority. He may, furthermore, succeed in bringing to terms the 40 German Nationalists, who, anti-Semitic first and pro-German next, have nothing in common with the remnant of the once powerful United Left, to whose inheritance they nevertheless lay claim. One of the surprises of the election was the numerical weakness of the Social Democrats, who had counted on capturing 50 seats, mainly from among the 72 new members for which the new electoral class provided, but who had to content themselves with only 20 seats. The German Liberals committed the dangerous blunder of identifying themselves, at the eleventh hour, with the Social Democrats, staking their all on the issue between "Progress" and "Reaction." Deserted by its former great leaders—some of whom, like Plener, accepted office, while others, like Prof. Suess, wearied of its internal dissensions—the German Liberal party in Austria is a mere shadow of its former self. Count Badeni, who inherits all of Count Taaffe's political unscrupulousness, without his adroitness and personal prestige, may well be appalled at the prospect of governing with a majority united only in its antagonism to liberal sentiment and German ascendency. Aside from this common motive, the Radical Young Czechs are as bitterly opposed to the Feudalist Old Czechs as are the Young Slovens to the Old Slovens. Even the Poles, Badeni's compatriots, present by no means a united front. The Emperor's tact will now be sorely tried, for the forces dominant in Cisleithania are arrayed against Magyar influence as they are against Liberal German influence, and hence threaten to undermine the very base of the empire.

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THE TARIFF AFFRONT TO INTELLIGENCE.

THE Dingley tax on books and instruments for libraries and colleges, along with the renewed tax on art, shows the country how much the Republican party really cares for the intelligence of the nation to which it so earnestly appealed in the last campaign. Then it was just too fond for anything of professors and colleges. It was never tired of boasting of the way the educated men of the land had rallied to its support, irrespective of former party preferences. When Mr. Bryan said that all the college professors on earth could not convince him he was wrong, the virtuous Republicans fairly gasped at such ignorance and effrontery. But now their first legislative measure is a slap in the face of every professor, a blow to every college, every reader, every artist and collector and gallery in the land. Where Bryan simply sneered at education, the Republicans contemptuously strike at it.

The Wilson bill, in its consideration for education and research, for learning and the cultivation of the public taste, was a great advance over the McKinley bill, and a veritable angel of light when compared with the Dingley bill. The Wilson bill kept on the free list all books and pamphlets "printed exclusively in languages other than English"; also books and music "in raised print, exclusively for the blind." Conformably to the practice of a quarter of a century, under all tariffs, it made free of duty all English books more than twenty years old, together with engravings, photographs, etchings, music, maps, printed for twenty years, and added a most enlightened clause permitting the free importation of "scientific books and periodicals devoted to original scientific research," with the publications of scientific and literary associations and public documents of foreign governments. There was also a very valuable section of the Wilson bill allowing college and other libraries to import, duty-free, two copies of any book, map, chart, etc. Now what has the party of intelligence done with all these aids to research and the diffusion of popular education? It has stricken every one out of the law, and put in the general, brute provision: "Books, including pamphlets and engravings, bound or unbound, photographs, etchings, maps, music, charts, 25 per cent. ad valorem." What do we care for colleges or libraries or scientists or the reading public?

Another privilege which colleges, laboratories, and other institutions have enjoyed directly, together with the people at large indirectly, from the foundation of the Government, with the exception of a single tariff in war-time, is that of free importation of "philosophical and scientific apparatus, utensils, instruments, and preparations." This was only a rational perception of the fact that there are no frontiers in the modern scientific world. By making it difficult for us to take advantage of the discoveries and improvements of the leaders of thought and investigation in other lands, we simply condemn ourselves to be losers in the race. Taxing knowledge of this kind is both a mark and a cause of barbarism. But what has the enlightened Dingley, what has the party of intelligence, done? Why, they have made a clean sweep of this time-honored provision, and in place thereof have substituted — what? Well, it is hard to say; but the paragraph most likely intended to cover philosophical and scientific apparatus and instruments is the one taxing "articles or wares not specially provided for in this act, composed wholly or in part of iron, steel, lead, copper, nickel, pewter, zinc, gold, silver, platinum, aluminum, or other metal, and whether partly or wholly manufactured, 45 per cent. ad valorem." That is the reward of the professors and the scientists for supporting the Republican party!

Free art, of course, had to go. Paintings in oil and water colors, admitted free by the Wilson bill, have made it dangerously easy for our artists and the visitors to our public galleries to become familiar with foreign masterpieces. A man who begins by buying a foreign painting may go on to buy a foreign book, and then, perhaps, a rug, and thus be led on to the crime of even buying a suit of clothes made abroad. So the benevolent Dingley steps in to check this career of vice at the very beginning. This is what makes it so absurd to appeal to him to take off the duty on art for "educational reasons," and for the sake of "art institutions in this country." What has protection to do with education or art? Nothing, except to cripple them in every way possible.

The Dingley tax on civilization is defended by its author in a way to make it, if possible, still more offensive. He says, in his report made public on Friday, that he has to tax books because, under the Wilson bill, there have been "wholesale evasions"; he practically accuses the colleges and libraries and art galleries of lying about their importations (remarking, sarcastically, upon the "wonderfully elastic" nature of the clause for their benefit); and complains about the "indefinite range" given the term "scientific books." Mr. Dingley's idea of a scientific book is evidently that of his far-off college days, when all these newfangled sciences of bacteriology and biology and magnetism and electricity had never been heard of. He fairly shudders at the thought of letting in books on such harmful subjects free of duty. But his effrontery reaches its height when he affirms, as a reason for taxing books in foreign languages, that "we publish an abundance" of them! He must have in mind campaign literature. Why should you want Lavisse and Rambaud's 'Histoire Générale' when you can get Dingley on the tariff done into choice Canadian-French? Why pine for Brockhaus or Meyer when you can get McKinley on the gold standard in the purest German-American? Russian dictionaries, Spanish or Italian novels, Scandinavian plays—how absurd it is for a true American to bother his head about these when he can get Republican campaign documents, appealing to intelligence, translated into as many foreign languages as there are "votes" to be captured. Foreign literature is at best a corrupting influence, and, besides, we publish an abundance of foreign literature right here at home. Books must be taxed, but, as a college professor writes us, it is some compensation to find Mr. Dingley leaving asses' skins on the free list. In that item the ways and means committee knows that it can defy competition.

We have been asked to remonstrate against this outbreak of tariff savagery, and we hereby do. But we have not the slightest idea that remonstrance will do any good. What you are remonstrating against, when you single out in the tariff instances of benighted disregard for civilization and progress of the race, is the whole system. They are but inherent and inevitable parts of it.

DUTIES ON BREADSTUFFS.

IN many respects the Dingley tariff bill is the most extreme protection measure ever laid before Congress. In professing to restore McKinley rates, the rates of the law of 1890, and asking credit because of the "moderation" of the plan, the great change in the economic situation of products has been ignored. The fall of prices that followed 1893 makes the rates of 1890 high protection duties, as a glance at the proposed rates on breadstuffs will clearly show.

The law of 1890 imposed a duty of 30 cents per bushel on barley, when the price was 51 cents a bushel. This made the duty about 60 per cent. ad valorem. The annual imports fell from an average of 11,000,000 bushels to an average of 2,000,000 bushels. This involved a loss of more than $5,000,000 a year in the imports from Canada, and struck a blow at the brewing interests that find Canadian barley better than the domestic grain for their operations. The law of 1894 reduced the duty to 30 per cent. ad valorem, or one-half the McKinley rate; yet imports have not increased, and there is no evidence of insufficient "protection" to our farmers. The domestic production in 1893, when the full encouraging influence of the McKinley law had made itself felt, was 69,869,495 bushels; in 1895, under the "blight" of a lower tariff, it was 87,072,744 bushels, the largest crop on record. The Dingley bill proposes to restore the duty of the law of 1890, that is, 30 cents a bushel. But barley is now imported at 37.8 cents a bushel. The new duty is thus 80 per cent. on the value, against 60 per cent. under the McKinley law. If a duty of 60 per cent. re-

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duced the import by four-fifths, one of 80 per cent, will be almost prohibitive. While the revenue from imported barley was $1,000,000 a year under the law of 1883, when the duty was 10 cents a bushel, the Dingley bill promises to reduce the revenue from this item to nothing. Where is the necessity for any duty on barley? In 1896 the imports were 837,384 bushels, and the exports 7,680,331 bushels. Never have the exports been so large. The Tariff Commission of 1882, certainly not a low-tariff body, suggested 15 cents a bushel as fair.

If the duty on barley is unnecessary and mischievous, that on corn is only unnecessary. The imports in 1896 were 4,338 bushels, of which 3,301 bushels were brought in from Mexico. The exports were 99,992,835 bushels, and of corn meal 276,885 barrels. The imports were worth less than $2,000, the exports more than $38,000,000. In no year since 1884 have the imports touched 38,000 bushels. Yet, out of deference to the farmer, the duty was raised, in 1890 from 10 cents to 15 cents a bushel, being about 22 per cent. ad valorem, and again going against the rate of the Tariff Commission. The law of 1894 practically retained this duty, imposing one of 20 per cent. No increased imports have occurred. The Dingley bill goes back to a rate of 15 cents. But in 1890 this rate was an ad-valorem of only 22 per cent.; in 1897 the same specific duty is an ad-valorem of more than 26 per cent., as the price of corn has fallen from 69 cents to 57 cents. No revenue can be obtained from this source, and from neither corn nor corn meal has the Government obtained $1,000 in any year since 1889.

The same solemn farce of imposing duties which maintain a show of protection, but in reality affect only a very small importation, is performed in the cases of oats, rye, and wheat, and in each instance the Dingley rate is materially higher than was the McKinley duty. Oats in 1890 were worth 42 cents a bushel. A duty of 15 cents meant 36 per cent. In 1896 the price had fallen to 34 cents, and the same rate of 15 cents a bushel which the Dingley measure seeks to restore means a tax of 44 per cent. on the value of the import. This is another item of grain imports which the law of 1890 tended to crush; but the import never touched 90,000 bushels, and that was a very small item when set against an export movement of 13,000,000 bushels, and still more insignificant when compared with a domestic production of 824,000,000 bushels.

The imports of rye have ever been small—so small that the duty was not changed in 1890. The sum of $58 in revenue derived from the imports of this grain in 1896 was above, much above, the average.

Wheat is a little more remunerative, and deserves such a comparison of rates as was given to barley. Before 1890 the duty was 20 cents per bushel. The largest import was 7,260 bushels in 1885. The law of 1890 raised the rate to 25 cents, or 20 per cent. ad valorem. The import price of wheat has fallen from $1.23 in 1890 to 35.2 cents in 1896. A restoration of a duty of 25 cents would thus mean a duty of more than 71 per cent. ad valorem! The aim of such a monstrous rate upon one of the leading articles of export from the United States is not difficult to be fathomed. The little that is imported for consumption (27,000 bushels in 1896) comes from Canada. But the Dominion took more than 3,500,000 of our wheat in the same year, and in addition 800,000 barrels of wheat flour, the whole being worth upwards of $5,450,000. The imports from Canada were worth only $9,500! Again the question arises, what reason exists for increasing the duties on these grains?

The leading article of import among the breadstuffs is "macaroni, vermicelli, and similar preparations." Before the law of 1890 no duty was levied upon this class of articles, and the imports were about 10,000,000 pounds a year. McKinley in 1890 imposed a duty of 2 cents a pound, or about 40 per cent. on the value, and this rate did not affect the importations, for they had risen by 1893 to 12,804,395 pounds. The law of 1894 fixed a rate of 20 per cent., and the imports continued to increase so rapidly that in 1896 they reached 17,532,000 pounds. But the average price of this class in 1893 was 5 cents a pound; in 1896 it was 3.4 cents. The old rate of 2 cents means an increase from 40 per cent. to 62 per cent. ad valorem. That imports will continue to increase under the heavier duty is hardly to be imagined.

Indeed, the whole tendency of the trade in breadstuffs has been to decrease, in spite of the prominence of such an article as macaroni. In 1888 the highest value was reached, $8,215,337. The largest revenue was collected in the following year, 1889—$1,161,030. Under the law of 1890 the total decreased rapidly, and in 1896 the value was only one-eighth of what it was in 1888—$1,082,303—and the revenue had fallen to $248,652. To undertake to obtain more revenue by higher duties will prove of no avail. If the McKinley schedules of 1890—which carried an average duty of 48 per cent.—could wreak such mischief in destroying trade, what can follow an increase of one-half in the average duty except a still greater destruction of trade and of revenue?

CRETE IN ENGLAND.

THERE is probably nothing in the English situation more unexpected than the Tory policy toward the Cretans. It is almost exactly what, before 1894, most English Conservatives would have predicted as likely to be the policy of Mr. Gladstone. There is a meekness, a tameness, a disposition to agree at any cost with almost anybody, which were the staple reproaches hurled against the Liberals after the failure to relieve Gordon, and the failure to take vengeance on the Boers for the defeat of Majuba Hill. The foreign policy, when the Conservatives came in, was to be aggressive, national, slightly overbearing, and worthy of the "Elizabethan period," which was Lord Salisbury's own phrase when Disraeli was making war on Afghanistan, upholding the Turkish empire, and bringing Indian troops to Malta. Englishmen were no longer to hang their heads for shame when the conduct of their Government abroad was spoken of, and Mr. Curzon announced in the House of Commons that there was a decided revival of respect for the country in all the foreign chancelleries when it was heard that the Conservatives were coming in.

Well, the Conservatives have come in, and England is pursuing the tamest foreign policy witnessed in this century. For peaceableness and timidity Gladstone is nowhere compared to Lord Salisbury. There have been already three regular "backdowns" in two years—a backdown before Krüger, a backdown before Olney, and now (the worst of all) before "the Powers." The treatment of the Armenian question was enough to make Pitt and Canning and Palmerston turn in their graves. But there was for that extraordinary display of caution the excuse that, although England was bound by special treaty to prevent these atrocities, the scene of them was beyond her reach; her naval supremacy was useless in the mountains of Armenia, and she could only protest and cry shame. Russia was the only Power which could intervene with efficacy, and the British fleet could not penetrate the Dardanelles without being caught in a trap, and bringing the Turkish empire down about the ears of Europe.

So the world accepted this plea for a whole year, and, when the blue-book was published, we were all called on to admire the skill with which Lord Salisbury had not saved the Armenians, but had preserved the "concert of the Powers." The Armenians had, in fact, died by the ten thousand for the "concert of the Powers"; and the reason why the "concert of the Powers" was so precious was, we were told, that it alone stood between us and a terrible European war. It must be observed, however, that the only reason for believing that a frightful European war would be the consequence of compelling the Turks to stop massacring was Lord Salisbury's own assertion, which, of course, there was no use in outsiders attempting to contradict. All the known facts of human nature, of European history and policy, were opposed to the idea that interference avowedly and patently made in the interest of humanity, and confined simply to the policing of a savage, would cause a general convulsion. If anything of the kind occurred, it would

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show that "the Powers" had taken leave of their senses.

However, we had to acquiesce and believe that Great Britain could not interfere in Armenia, and that if she called on the Sultan to stop assassination, by means of a blockade or by seizing his Smyrna custom-house, all Europe would fall to cutting one another's throats. This ridiculous story was repeated so long, and stoutly also, that we at last began to look on the "concert of the Powers" to condone rape, massacre, and arson as one of the highest achievements of diplomatic skill, and its maintenance as one of the greatest boons that could be bestowed on humanity. But now a plain tale has found Lord Salisbury and "brave Mr. Balfour" out. The Sultan has stopped massacring, they say, in Armenia, where British troops cannot reach him. He has transferred his operations to one of the most convenient spots in the world for British interference, an island in the Mediterranean. All around Crete, Britannia rules the waves. Not a Turkish soldier or a Turkish vessel can be moved without her permission. She could clear the Mediterranean of all the foreign fleets in it by a single exertion of her strength. Crete is as much in her power to-day as Ireland. Well, what has happened? Why, the "concert of the Powers" has been again set up, but to prevent the rising of the Greek Christians against their Mussulman oppressors. The fleets have opened fire, not on Turks, but on Greeks. It is a Greek, not a Turkish, transport which has been sunk. A "peaceful blockade" has been established, not of Turkish, but of Christian, ports. Fierce threatenings are issuing from all the chancelleries, not against Turks, but against Christians. It is not the villanous old Sultan who is exciting diplomatic rage, but the Christians whom he has robbed and murdered for two centuries. The "concert of the Powers" has been sufficiently strengthened at last to take action, fire great guns, and address warnings, but, alas, the guns are trained on helpless Christians, and the warnings are addressed, not to the oppressors, but to the desolate and oppressed.

In all this, on her native element, Great Britain counts apparently for no more than Austria or Italy. Her voice is no more potent than that of the weakest of the naval Powers. She has no more leadership than if she had only a couple of war-ships and were allowed to take part in the "concert" as a favor, like the Piedmontese in the Crimean war. The terrible Lord Salisbury, who was for "twenty years of resolute government" in Ireland, is roaring you as gently as any sucking dove, and, when questioned as to his foreign policy, has to refer the adversary to the speech of a French Minister in the French Chamber! "Read what M. Hanotaux said," he tells the adversary.

In the midst of all this supineness and indecision the words of Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Duke of Westminster come like the voice of one of Israel's prophets. In his long career of statesmanship and brilliant literary achievement, we recall nothing which may be more fitly styled a ringing appeal. As it goes through the English-speaking world, millions of hearts will beat quicker for the noble thoughts it utters, and millions of men and women will regret again that old age has stiffened the hand, although not the tongue, of the Grand Old Man.

THE PACIFIC BLOCKADE.

THE blockade of Crete went into effect on Sunday morning, and the Powers have notified our Government and all others concerned of its scope. The blockade is against ships flying the Greek flag, and it is announced that merchant vessels of the United States and other "neutral" nations are to be overhauled, but, if carrying nothing designed to aid the Greek insurrection on the island, not to be molested. This announcement is deprived of most its importance, so far as the United States is concerned, by the fact that we have no commerce with Crete. It is said that not an American ship passed through the Suez Canal in 1896, and we have had no trade with Crete for years. Besides this, our Government has recently been so firm in observing our obligations to keep the peace abroad that ventures such as those of the *Laurada* and *Three Friends* have lost much of the charm they once possessed for philanthropic merchants here; and there is no indication that the present Administration means to do anything but continue the same policy even more stringently.

No doubt this state of affairs is irritating to some patriots at Washington. Mr. Frye, for instance, is quoted as saying that it makes no difference whether we have any trade with Crete or not—the principle of the right of American ships to go where they please in time of peace is involved; and that if he had his way, he would, if necessary, take "every dollar in the Treasury" to purchase war-ships, and "every American citizen to man them," and send them "into every part of the world," that they might be defended "against all insults." This plan, however splendidly effective it may be thought, is not likely to commend itself to an Administration pledged to restore prosperity and maintain peace; indeed, we cite it chiefly as a curious contribution to the discussion of the subject; it shows how the protectionist, after devoting himself for years with great success to ruining our mercantile marine, roars with true Jingo anger over the result, and proposes to defend the interests he has destroyed with threats of slaughter all over the world.

The main question which our Government will have to consider is how far it can afford to let the blockade of Crete go without a protest, and in considering this question the important matter to bear in mind is the real nature of the blockade, and the historical position of the United State.

The Powers, of course, endeavor to make the blockade resemble as much as possible a war-blockade, recognized by the law of nations, and binding on third parties, but the rules of international law recognize no such blockade. A pacific blockade is virtually an act of war, although disguised as a peaceful measure, but it creates no state of war, and hence gives the blockading nation no right to say that the subjects of a third Power shall not go on trading with the blockaded Power as long as they like. All the laws of war grow out of the practice of nations in time of war, and are founded on the idea that it is better, for the general interests of the world, that a nation which has determined to appeal to war shall have the right to make it effective. An effective blockade is respected by non-combatant nations for the same reason that bombardments of seaports are respected, because, on the whole, experience teaches us that the right to make war effective is essential to the existence of every state, and that the denial of it to one is a denial of it to all.

But the right to make effective war has always been limited by the consideration that there must be an actual war, with notice to all the world. The reason for this is, that it is desirable that people who wish to reap the benefits of war should not be allowed to impose its burdens on non-combatant nations without undertaking its responsibilities. If one nation could blockade another, for instance, and compel all the rest to respect the blockade without any war, one country might reduce another to complete submission, by destroying its commerce, without striking a blow, and in doing so might ruin the commerce of two or three other countries. To this the other countries would undoubtedly say, No; if you want to cripple our commerce, you must declare war. We shall then be neutrals, and know, according to the law laid down in prize-courts and observed by nations for centuries, where we stand. Under a pacific blockade we have no rights, except such as you choose to allow. We can appeal to no prize-court to determine whether your blockade is effective or a mere piece of paper; if it is not effective, and you seize our cargoes, we have no redress but to declare war ourselves; if you say that everything we trade in is contraband, there is no court where our rights can be protected. Your blockade overrides even treaties, and substitutes your will for the established principles which govern the intercourse of nations, and are enforced by their courts.

Now the United States has for a hundred years been the one Power on the face of the earth which has steadily and consistently upheld this contention. It has been the great neutral nation in time of

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war, and it has been the great peaceful nation at all times. It has been the great supporter of trade and commerce, against lawless attempts to interfere with it, and its historic policy and principles would forbid it to tolerate any interference with its trade by a "pacific" blockade in parts of the world where it had any trade. Whatever course of action the Government may now adopt, it could never admit that such practices as "pacific" blockades can in any way be recognized as a part of international law binding upon it.

Prof. T. E. Holland, a respectable authority, has attempted to break the force of such considerations as these by publishing a letter, in the London *Times*, in which he undertakes to prove that pacific blockades are recognized by the law and the practice of nations. But his letner disproves his case. He describes a pacific blockade as one of the various methods, short of war, such as "reprisals," by which "pressure" may be put by one nation on another, and declares that the "only question" is whether such pressure is not more humane than actual war. We have endeavored to show that humanity is not by any means the only question involved; the main question may often be whether great and wide-reaching interests of third parties are not at stake. He also undertakes to show that many writers on international law have approved pacific blockades. But their approval does not change the practice of nations, nor affect the considerations of which we have been speaking. That a pacific blockade may be very efficacious, nobody questions; so may reprisals; but the only person whom Mr. Holland actually cites as approving the idea that it is binding on anybody whose interests call upon them to disregard it, is an officer of the Prussian Admiralty. If we had any trade with Crete, and American ships were to be overhauled, the act would be an utterly indefensible outrage.

DEGREES FOR WOMEN AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

THE Report of the "Degrees for Women Syndicate," issued this month at Cambridge University, follows close on the second reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill, and is causing almost as much excitement in Academic circles as the majority of seventy-one which turned the heads of all the Women's Liberal Associations in England early in February. Opponents of feminine progress ought not to blink the fact that a signal advance has just been made in those two movements which, the one in education, the other in politics, aim at changes in the position of English women that are almost beyond calculation. There is a curious difference in the tempers of the two bodies of men in whose hands these educational and political issues ultimately lie. The already notorious second reading was listlessly passed by an apathetic House, for not even Sir William Harcourt's warnings as to the logical consequences of the bill could persuade members that any measure worth their opposition could be going forward on a Wednesday.

In the University of Cambridge, every step towards the granting of equal privileges to men and women has met with fierce opposition; every advance has been made, one may say, over the dead bodies of the Senate, since it is only by reason of the younger blood in that assembly that the present report is so promising. The fighting has doubtless been more stubborn in the University because the enemy are permanently encamped at the gates and in the lecture-rooms; but while recognition and equality are in sight for the Girton and Newnham Uitlanders, it is the very remoteness of the Women's Suffrage movement which secured it an illusive success.

Before pointing out the precise gain for women students at Cambridge indicated in the recent report, we will review briefly the actual concessions so far made by the University since women began to enter for the Tripos (or degree) examinations. In 1870 five women passed the Little Go—the preliminary examination leading to the degree—under an informal arrangement made with the examiners; three of these, in a similar way, took their Tripos, and have been apotheosized in many a college song as "the Girton Pioneers." In 1881 three famous "graces," or resolutions, were passed by an overwhelming majority of the Senate. They formally admitted duly qualified students of Girton and Newnham to the Honor examinations, provided a separate class-list for them to be read after the men's list in the Senate House, and granted successful candidates a diploma from the University. Since then about 700 women have been classed in honors and their names duly recorded in the University Calendar. The brilliant records made by several of these women, and the high average maintained by the rest, are too well known to need comment. Since 1881 there has been occasional agitation for the actual granting of the degree—for the use of the letters B.A. is still withheld obviously because, if women became graduates or members of a self-governing University such as Cambridge and proceeded to the higher degrees of M.A., Sc.D., and Litt.D., there would inevitably follow for the University just such results as Sir William Harcourt foreshadowed for the constitution of Parliament and for politics as a whole.

To illuminate the attitude of the Opposition, we quote verbatim, from the report, some of the criticisms made by Cambridge professors and lecturers on the actual effect so far produced in the lecture-rooms by the presence of women:

"I noticed . . . last Lent term, when my class was attended by a large number of women students, that the undergraduates were by no means pleased. The following term there was a distinct falling off in the number of undergraduates. . . . Women students are far more punctual than the undergraduates, and attain a higher general standard in paper work; this I find a small cause of friction."

"There is an extra pressure on the lecturer's time, due to the fact that so large a percentage of them do papers . . . compared to the men."

"I find that the questions asked by women generally relate to lecture or book work, or else to practical problems, such as poor relief."

"A lady is more easily affected if fault is found with the work, or if unexpected difficulties arise."

Among those who admit the advantages of mixed classes we may quote a lecturer on theology, who finds that "the attendance of some ladies of high culture . . . has helped to make my lectures more interesting to myself and, therefore, it may be hoped, to the class at large."

When the editor of a Cambridge paper last year took a vote of the undergraduates by means of postal cards, 446 voted for and 1,723 against the admission of women to degrees, so that the Cambridge dons may have to face a secession of the outraged young men to Oxford, if that University should be left as the stronghold of the conservatives.

In consequence of memorials addressed to the Senate last year, a syndicate was appointed in June, 1896, to consider "what further rights and privileges, if any, should be granted to women students of the University, and whether women should be made admissible to degrees in the University, and, if so, to what degrees, on what conditions, and with what restrictions, if any." The members of the syndicate were the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Emmanuel, the Ely Professor of Divinity, the Downing Professor of Laws, and ten others. After weighing the evidence and the possible advantages and disadvantages to the University and the women students themselves involved in the formal granting of the degree, the syndicate has now published a report of forty-four pages. The kernel of the whole matter lies in their recommendation that the following resolutions be adopted by the Senate:

"(1.) That it is desirable that the title of the Degree of Bachelor of Arts be conferred by diploma upon women who, in accordance with the now existing Ordinances, shall hereafter satisfy the Examiners in a Final Tripos Examination and shall have kept by residence nine terms at least.

"(2.) That it is desirable that the title of the Degree of Bachelor of Arts be conferred by diploma upon women who, in accordance with the now existing Ordinances, have already satisfied the Examiners in a Final Tripos Examination and shall have kept by residence eight terms at least.

"(3.) That it is desirable that the title of the Degree of Master of Arts be conferred by diploma upon women who have received the title of the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, if six years have elapsed since the end of their first term of residence and two years from the end of the Michaelmas term in the year in which they received the title of the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

"(4.) That it is desirable that the title of the Degree of Doctor in Science or Letters be conferred by diploma upon women who have five years previously received the title of the Degree of Master of Arts, and have made valuable and original contributions to science or letters.

"(5) That it is desirable that the University be empowered to grant by diploma titles of Degrees in Arts, Law, Letters, Science, and Music to women who have not fulfilled the usual conditions, but have been recommended for such titles *honoris causa* by the Council of the Senate."

The reader unfamiliar with academic phraseology might easily be misled into thinking that these resolutions, if passed, would confer on women the degree together with the full privileges of a member of the University. This, however, is by no means the case. The phrase "title of Degree . . . conferred by diploma" expressly guards against this possibility; for a titular degree implies merely the right to use the letters, B. A., etc. It will be seen that resolution (2) is retrospective, so that more than seven hundred women who, since 1881, have been getting the substance and grasping at the shadow will at once have the right to the coveted letters.

By resolution (5), distinguished women of any nation may be offered honorary degrees

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on the same basis as, *e. g.*, Mr. Bayard and Dr. Nansen.

These are the Resolutions. What will the Senate do with them? If it adopts them, the statute by act of Parliament will follow in due course. And perhaps the fact that the Senate did appoint the syndicate, in spite of opposition, and that it recently threw open wider facilities for research work, which was considered a radical measure in conservative Cambridge, may be regarded as a hopeful augury.

THE DECAY OF THE PARTHENON.

ATHENS, February, 1897.

THE Parthenon is doomed. These are words that must bring sorrow to the heart of every lover of Greece and Grecian culture. Perhaps many who have seen the stately pile only from below, will be inclined to doubt the statement so brusquely made. Indeed, when one sees the ruin from a distance, or looks upon it from among the pillars of the western façade, it seems so strongly built, so secure, that the visitor has no thought of decay and ruin, but leaves the place under the impression that the Parthenon will continue to defy time for thousands of years yet to come. But the fact is that, ever since the last earthquakes, its immediate ruin has been a foregone conclusion in case another earthquake should occur before certain contemplated repairs shall have been completed. At this moment the whole western façade is disfigured by an immense scaffolding, built in the strongest possible manner from enormous beams that were brought all the way from America to succor Athene. This mighty scaffolding subserves a twofold purpose: primarily it enables the architects to replace certain rotten and broken architrave blocks with fresh blocks, but its important secondary purpose is to serve as a prop to the entire entablature, and prevent the collapse of the building in case an earthquake-shock should visit Athens—an event that may occur here at any time.

Visitors are excluded from the scaffolding, but I gained admittance on two occasions recently. I was thus enabled to examine at close quarters the frieze of the western end, a privilege for which many have longed in vain. It is a privilege, too, that will not be offered to any one when the present scaffolding shall have been removed. From the base of the columns below, any study of the frieze is out of the question, firstly because, owing to the projecting epistyle, the bottom of the frieze cannot be seen; then again because the whole frieze is distorted by the sharp perspective, and the lower-lying parts of the reliefs are obscured by the higher. The scaffolding thus affords a unique opportunity for the study of certain chapters of Pheidian art.

But, not to dwell longer upon the frieze in this connection, I was dismayed at what I saw. The inside and interior stones of the entablature, colossal though they be, are rotten through and through; in many cases these rotten stones were broken by the recent earthquakes into many pieces, though, by the veriest miracle, the pieces still cling together. As is well known, the epistyle consists of three huge blocks that stand on their edges side by side and span the intercolumniations. Of these three blocks, the outside ones alone are comparatively sound, while the interior and inside blocks are in a most ruinous condition. All of these inside blocks are to be replaced by new ones, that are now lying on the ground below, ready to be put into position as soon as the mighty derrick that is to lift them on high shall have arrived. The thought of new epistyle blocks in the Parthenon is shocking to most souls, but it is a choice between that and immediate ruin. The new blocks will be colored with oil and wax in order to rob them of their glaring whiteness and newness. Even more sorrowful is the fact that, though this ruin may be stayed for one or two centuries yet to come, still in the end the Parthenon must collapse, unless virtually the whole entablature be replaced by new and sound stones.

Am I asked for the reasons for this ruinous condition of the Parthenon? There are several reasons, several causes, some of which have been in effective operation for many years, though unsuspected. We have been brought up to believe that the Parthenon was a perfect building, erected by master builders who employed only the best of material in its construction. It occasions a shock to discover that, though this is true in general, yet it is true with certain limiting qualifications, because of which the building is now threatened with ruin. In point of fact the builders of the Parthenon employed first-class marble only on the outside of the building, only where the eye could see it. In the Pentelic marble there are veins of schist that disfigure and ruin many a fair block. Visitors will remember the many unfluted drums of columns that lie here and there around the temple. These are drums that were rejected of the builders, rejected because they were faulty in some way, often precisely because of this disastrous vein of schist. Indeed, one of the new epistyle blocks has just been rejected by the committee of architects because of its faulty character, which was discovered only after the block had been completely hewn and was ready to be hoisted into position. No doubt that block will lie there for centuries to come, just as the rejected drums of columns have lain for these decades of centuries. Now of course perfectly sound marble was employed in the columns, both because they were completely visible, and also because they had a great weight to carry. Sound marble was employed also for the outside blocks of the entablature and in the outside stones of the cella wall, but the inside stones and the completely hidden interior stones of the epistyle and cella walls *were faulty from the start*—faulty because of this vein of schist.

As long as the building was covered by a roof, the faulty character of these stones was of no importance whatever, and, as is well known, the Parthenon was always covered by a roof until its final disruption by the gunpowder explosion two centuries ago. The ruin that now threatens the portion of the Parthenon left standing on that fatal occasion began from the moment of the explosion, and it has become more threatening with each succeeding year. The roofless condition of the building has made it possible for the rain to penetrate into the schist-veins of the faulty stones. At first but slight damage was done to these stones, but the frost of winter and the scorching sun of summer made the evil greater from year to year, until at last the scales have fallen from our eyes and we discover that these stones are rotten throughout, and that utter ruin is impending. The horror was revealed in its full extent by the earthquakes of two or three years ago, when a number of these rotten blocks were shivered into many pieces. The fact that these broken blocks did not fall is due to the soundness of the neighboring blocks on the outside. But though the ultimate cause of the ruinous condition of the Parthenon was the employment in its construction of poor marble for interior and inside stones, which two centuries of exposure to rain, frost, and heat have made rotten, still other things have conspired with these, namely, fire and cannon-balls before the disruption, and earthquakes at all periods.

The repairs that are to be undertaken now are not to be thoroughgoing, but in fact are only temporary makeshifts, though they will perhaps preserve the building for a couple of centuries. Many will remember that twenty-five years ago the lintels of the grand doorway of the western end of the Parthenon were discovered to be rotten. In 1872 a supporting arch was built beneath these huge stone lintels. This arch rests upon the slabs of the Byzantine doorway. The present moment offers a good opportunity for replacing the broken lintels with new stone beams. Were this done, then the arch and the ugly slabs of the Byzantine doorway could be removed, and the mighty door would stand revealed in all its glory as it was conceived by Iktinos. It is known, too, that some of the stones used in this Byzantine patch-door are inscribed. This fact is one more reason for removing the patchwork, because, to judge by the beauty and great size of the stones, the assumption that they bear valuable inscriptions does not seem an empty one. It is to be hoped, too, that the stairway to the Turkish minaret will be taken down. It has been left there up to the present because it supports rotten architraves, but we long for a purified Parthenon, and surely a few more new epistyle blocks would not disfigure the building one tithe as much as does this Turkish minaret. But a conservative desire to remove only such of the old stones as are hopelessly rotten and broken prevails. This desire can be easily understood, and one's natural instinct is to share it; but, after all, sentiment should give place to common sense, which clearly calls for repairs more radical than those which are to be made.

And here comes in a fear for the frieze, the glorious frieze, that fairly palpitates with the genius of Pheidias. When the final collapse of the Parthenon comes, the frieze will be gone for ever! This remote danger, however, is not the only one that threatens the frieze. For there it stands, exposed, like all the building, to slow but absolutely certain decay and ruin. In the recent earthquakes the head of one of the horsemen was broken off and dashed to pieces on the marble floor below. A similar fate is in store for the entire frieze, for the rotting is already visible in the reliefs. In short, the reliefs ought to be removed now, so that they may be preserved in the Museum for ages after the original entablature has ceased to exist. Dörpfeld did, indeed, propose to the committee that the frieze be removed to a safer and drier place and be replaced by a *marble* copy. But conservatism carried the day. The thought, too, that the removal of the frieze to the Museum would seem to justify the spoliation of the shrine by the deeply detested Lord Elgin, had much to do with the stand taken by the majority of the committee. The frieze, therefore, will remain *in situ* and will perish. There can be no doubt that the Parthenon would hold out for many centuries longer if it were covered by a roof. But it is thought by most men that a roof over the Parthenon would disfigure it absurdly. Of course it would, but then the roof would save the building, and sentiment would give the

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front seat to sound reasoning, which, naturally, would never, never do.

But I must hasten to add that the care which the Greek Archæological Society bestows upon all the ruins is worthy of unstinted praise. I first knew Greece twenty-two years ago. The Archæological Society was making excavations then, to be sure, but the people, though much given to boasting of their ancestors, had little, almost no, reverence for things upon which was laid the impress of the genius of those selfsame ancestors. The ruins were abused and desecrated in a way that made the breast of the visitor from the West swell with rage and indignation. It is now eleven years since I bade, as I then thought, a final farewell to Greece. During the eleven years that have elapsed since then, wonderful progress has been made by the Greeks in the matter of reverent care for the antiquities. I am not so sure that this reverence prevails to any great extent among the common people, but they are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. At any rate, the management of the Archæological Society deserves the thanks of all men for their efforts to make it impossible for the *plebs* to insult or mutilate the monuments. The ruins are now behind strong iron bars. For instance, a great iron fence protects the whole country between the Odeion of Herodes Atticus and the Theatre of Dionysos. Another fence protects the Dipylon-Kerameikos region, another one the Areiopagos and the sanctuary of the Eumenides, which, as I well remember, was once the rendezvous of gypsies and unsavory tramps with their bears and other unmentionable accessories. But this is all changed now, thanks to the Archæological Society. Nor is this change seen and felt in outdoor matters only: the museums themselves are now arranged and managed in a most satisfactory manner. Something like order reigns, and scholars may study without vexation and loss of time. This, however, is not true of the epigraphical branch of the Museum, for everything there is still in a chaotic condition. However, great progress has been made here too, and yet, if one is in search of a special inscription, days may be spent in the perhaps fruitless attempt to find it.

The city of Athens, too, has made great progress during the last decade; it has become not merely a more populous but a fairer city. At the same time, the people have grown more wealthy and luxurious, more hollow and lazy, more devoted to lounging in the coffee-houses and to disporting their fine clothes in the squares and promenades. The old-time simplicity that so charmed the visitor is a thing of the past. J. R. S. Sterrett.

MME. DE CHASTENAY.—IV.

Paris, March 11, 1897.

The Duke of Rovigo, says Mme. de Chastenay, seemed to have for his only object the conversion of the Faubourg St.-Germain to the imperial régime—not a very difficult task, as, in the winter of 1810, a great number of ladies were presented. Mme. de Chastenay was invited to one of the Duke's balls: "I have said that the Emperor's manners with ladies were not very gracious. Once or twice already I had found myself at the balls given by M. de Champagny when the Emperor came; but the benches were arranged in several rows and I contrived to be behind the last one. However, I must confess that each time my eyes had met the Emperor's glass fixed on me. . . . To my great uneasiness, I saw at the Duke of Rovigo's ball that the benches were all in a line." When the Emperor had gone the round he recognized Mme. de Chastenay. "'Yes,' said he, 'I know you. I saw you at Châtillon; you were canoness. How is your mother?' He added: 'Do you remember the long conversation we had at Châtillon? Do you remember it?—tell me. It was sixteen years ago, sixteen years in truth! It was very long, that conversation; tell me, do you remember it?' He kept repeating, 'It was sixteen years ago.' I answered as well as I could. My gratitude was profound." The Emperor spoke to her of her books; he had not had time to read them, but had heard of their success; he remembered how well she played on the piano. And then he passed on and spoke to her neighbors.

"I leave you to judge if this conversation, lasting ten minutes, engrossed the assembly, and if I was for the moment all perfumed with favor. I was flattered, and very much touched also, I must confess. After sixteen years, it was surprising that a man who had become Emperor in the interval, should remember a conversation and add so many amiable recollections. The count was quite correct: it was just sixteen years."

At the beginning of 1812 Marshal Kellermann, who had lost his wife, made an offer of marriage to Mlle. de Chastenay. He was seventy-six years old, with two grown-up children; he was able to procure the admission of her father to the Senate and to procure promotion for her brother. Though the face, the German accent, the manners of the old Marshal inspired her with little sympathy, she gave her consent; the diamonds were bought, the contract was prepared; but the children of the Marshal succeeded in raising difficulties between him and the mother of Mlle. de Chastenay, and the engagement was broken off.

Royalism began to revive only after the disasters of the Russian campaign. Mme. de Chastenay shows us its progress when the Allies invaded the French territory. I find nothing worth relating in her accounts of the French campaign of Napoleon. "The truth is, we knew nothing and nothing could be known." It seemed to many, during the invasion of France, that the end of civilization had arrived. False rumors were circulated every instant. Paris was full of soldiers. Nobody doubted that the city would be taken. People thought that the Emperor would cross the Loire and continue the war. "But Réal, with the superiority which belongs only to frankness of character, repeated to us, while he was making preparations for the departure of his family: 'I said to the Duke of Rovigo, You allow in your calculations for the eventual taking of Paris; you make a great mistake, for Paris is the dynasty.'" Réal saw clearly, and the events of the late war of 1870 well showed, that Paris is still the government of France.

The reconciliation of France with its former dynasty took place, however, at first in Bordeaux, which the Duke d'Angoulême entered on the 12th of March. A long succession of wars had ruined Bordeaux, and its inhabitants were anxious for peace. The Comte d'Artois entered France by the eastern frontier. He was accompanied only by two French gentlemen, MM. de Wall and de la Salle; the latter had been exiled for ten years at Châtillon, M. de Wall was living in Burgundy. Monsieur, as he was called, presented himself to the mayor of Vesoul, and said to him, "I am the brother of your King, and I come to take my place among the French." His grace, his amiable expression, the simplicity of his entourage, the bonhomie of his companions, had their effect: he became rapidly popular, and a proclamation which he made also contributed to this result, as he declared that there would not be any reclamation of the confiscated estates known as the national estates. But he found no support among the foreigners; he was not allowed to go to Dijon, and had to direct his steps to Nancy, where the commanders of the Allies suffered him to reside. He soon had numerous agents and entered into communication with many people.

In her account of the entrance of the Allies into Paris, Mme. de Chastenay remarks that "the women flocked on the passage of the Allies. Napoleon had alienated their hearts; he had always feared them; their wit inspired him with hatred; their beauty never received from him any but the coarsest incense. Singular man, who wished for glory and who did not secure the suffrages which might dispense it!" It is not difficult to read between these lines Mme. de Chastenay's feelings for the man, who had known her slightly and had not wished to know more of her. There is a singular candor in her disappointed vanity; there is also a singular want of patriotism in her exaltation in presence of the foreigners. "The beautiful face of Alexander, the good soul which was painted in it, conquered the hearts and the suffrages. He seemed happy. . . . Such fine weather, such a fine city, such an expansive nation—sentiments which arose from the heart," etc., etc. We cannot at this distance read such lines without a slight emotion of shame.

Mme. de Chastenay surrendered herself entirely to the feeling of relief which was caused by the hope of a permanent peace. It cannot be denied that in 1814 this feeling was almost universal. She had besides (or thought that she had) much to expect from another régime; her father was one of the first to ask, under Talleyrand's guidance, for the recall of the former dynasty. The Marquis de Chastenay was one of the first to salute the Comte d'Artois at the Tuileries on the day of his entrance into Paris. This is the account which Mme. de Chastenay gives of the famous "Adieux de Fontainebleau," which followed the abdication of Napoleon:

"He wished to produce some effect on the soldiers and officers who were still with him. Before entering his carriage, he made them a speech, but among all the gifts which destiny had lavished upon him was not the gift of eloquence. Everything was theatrical with him, and every dramatic representation demands the concurrence of many accessories. The Emperor entering a carriage with three subaltern foreign officers offered to the eye only the spectacle of a traveller preparing to go to another place. Prison bars, chains, would have formed a contrast; but there was nothing really pathetic in this departure, which was all a play. Each one kept the secret of his thoughts and forged a future for himself."

The text of the "Adieux de Fontainebleau," and, I may add, the return from Elba, are the best answers to Mme. de Chastenay's account.

At the Château du Luc, near Fréjus, where he was to embark for Elba, Napoleon saw his sister Pauline. Mme. de Chastenay describes the interview as reported to her by M. de Montbreton, then the Princess's equerry:

"'Why did you not make peace?' 'I could not,' said Bonaparte—'an ignominious peace, a peace which the Bourbons might accept, but which could not suit me: France in her old limits! The irreparable mistake I made, and with which I shall always reproach myself, was not to have made peace at Prague. I

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could at Prague have made a fine peace. However, this is a *corps à corps* struggle between myself and England; if I had to begin over again, England would fall in the course of a single year.'"

M. Réal gave in his adhesion to the new government a little too late. "That white cockade which he took and gave to his servants, and even to his horses," did not help to keep him on the list of the Council of State. "He was feared and put aside." He got himself, however, presented to Monsieur, and, a little later, to the King, and "the bystanders all pretended that the King gave him a look of favor." The first signs of discontent against the new régime came, as usually happens, from the victorious side. The émigrés were not satisfied with the liberalism of the declarations of the Comte d'Artois and with the constitutionalism of Louis XVIII. Mme. de Chastenay gives us some amusing details concerning the discontent of her society:

"There was never, in the ancient court, any distinction made between the persons admitted, except for the *tabouret*, which was given only to the Duchesses during the dinner of the King and Princes. Under Bonaparte, some differences of etiquette had been made between the Salle du Trône, the Salle de la Paix, etc., but they applied only to the gentlemen, and were determined by the grades and the functions. The Duke de Duras thought of preserving them, and, what was worse, he decided that the Duchesses should be received first by the King in the Salle du Trône, and that the other ladies should enter to salute the King only after the former had left the room. This was gratuitous insolence to the nobility; the Dukes and Duchesses of the old régime had the stupidity to be proud of it, and as some of these Duchesses were not women of quality, it seemed very strange. I don't think I ever heard such screams as were uttered on this occasion."

Mme. de Chastenay gives a vivid description of this curious society of 1814. She shows us the Duke of Wellington carrying two ladies on his arm, "after the fashion of England"; the King of Prussia assisting at the fêtes with his children, "like a good father of a family"; Humboldt; the Emperor Alexander, anxious to please the wives of Napoleon's Marshals more than the wives of the émigrés. She speaks severely of the Duke de Berry, "who was violent without measure. In a few days he became detested—the word is not too strong."

Mme. de Chastenay's mother had spent part of her youth with the Duchess de Bourbon (the mother of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien), and was happy to see her on her return to France. Mme. de Chastenay has portraits of the Duchess de Bourbon, of the Duke d'Orléans (Louis Philippe), of the Dowager Duchess d'Orléans, of Mademoiselle, the sister of the Duke d'Orléans. "I was designated, almost from my infancy, to be attached some day to Mademoiselle; I did not doubt that she would be reminded of this engagement even before I could remind her myself. It was for me something written in the book of fate." Mme. de Chastenay's hope was not satisfied; when the household of the members of the Orléans family was formed, Mme. de Chastenay had the mortification to see that a canoness of Remiremont, named Mme. de Montjoye, was appointed to the place which she had expected to occupy. "I remained on polite terms with Mademoiselle," she says, "and that was all." It may be that the Duke d'Orléans, though he must have been aware of all the gifts of Mme. de Chastenay, thought that an intimate friend of Réal and Fouché was, perhaps, not the most suitable companion for his sister; it may be, also, that she was considered too clever and, in consequence, too dangerous. Mme. de Chastenay evidently felt great irritation towards the Duke d'Orléans, and gives vent to it, with apparent moderation, in the portrait which she traces of him.

Her memoirs end with the account of the Hundred Days and of the second return of the Bourbons. They are, on the whole, very interesting, and, though they do not give a very exalted idea of the author, they have the merit of great richness of details regarding a highly dramatic period. They represent history seen through the little end of the glass.

Correspondence.

THE VENUS OF MELOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the same time with the *Nation* of February 18, containing Mr. Stillman's letter about the Venus, I received a note from a Boston friend, stating that the new evidence published under the name of M. de Trogoff had attracted much attention in America and been commented upon by the daily press. It is a pity that such rubbish should be taken into consideration when so many important discoveries remain unnoticed. I perfectly agree with Mr. Stillman to the effect that the Trogoff document is worthless; I believe I demonstrated that conclusively in the *Chronique des Arts* (1897, pp. 16, 24), soon after the appearance of the document in question (*Illustration*, December 12, 1896). But Trogoff really existed; he was an officer in the French navy. It is equally true that he came to Melos, on board the French ship *L'Espérance*, early in March, 1820. Now, inquiries at the Ministère de la Marine in Paris enabled me to show that the *Espérance* left Melos on March 12, a month less four days before the discovery of the Venus (April 8). Trogoff was in Smyrna, on board the *Espérance*, when he heard that an important statue had been discovered. He learnt that, in all probability, from the French consul in Smyrna, David, who had been informed by Dauriac, commander of the French *Bonite* (and not *Bonté*, as many authors have it), as early as April 11. Mr. Stillman is in error when he asserts that no French ship was in the port of Melos at the time of the discovery.

The facts are as follows: A small French squadron, comprising three ships, *Espérance*, *Lionne*, and *Estafette*, anchored in the harbor of Melos on March 4, 1820. On the 12th, the *Espérance*, with the commander-in-chief, Baron Des Rotours, sailed for Smyrna, leaving the two minor boats at Melos. On the 10th of April, the *Bonite*, coming from Smyrna, stopped at Melos and ordered the *Lionne* and *Estafette* to leave the island for Smyrna. Two days before, the statue had been discovered in the presence of a midshipman of the *Estafette*, Voutier, whose report on the subject, printed at Hyères in 1874—fifty-four years after the event—has been neglected by all archæologists, excepting M. Ravaisson. It is a rare pamphlet, which I have never been able to secure; I read the copy preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and reprinted all the essential passages in the *Chronique des Arts* (1897, p. 16). Voutier's assertion is corroborated by the existence of drawings made by him on the spot and which have been reproduced by M. Ravaisson. Those drawings give outlines of the two sculptured blocks composing the statue, which had not yet been readjusted, and of two hermæ standing on inscribed pedestals. I may quote to the same effect a letter of the French vice-consul at Melos, Brest, to the consul in Smyrna, written on April 12, 1820. He says that opinions are divided on the value of the statue, "car il y a de ces messieurs les officiers qui l'ont observée qui disent que ce n'est pas grand chose, et d'autres, au contraire, disent que c'est un fort bel ouvrage." So we may consider it quite certain that French officers were present when the Venus was unearthed, and that they began discussing the artistic merits of the statue during the first three days after its discovery.

All that has nothing to do with the fact that on May 25, viz., six weeks later, the *Estafette* took possession of the statue when a part of it had already been shipped on a brig from Ragusa,* which was going to carry the Venus to Constantinople. In the interval, Dumont d'Urville, an officer on the *Chevrette*, had seen the Venus (April 19), and his report had induced the Marquis de Rivière, then French ambassador at Constantinople, to send the *Estafette* to Melos. M. de Marcellus, secretary to the embassy, who was on board, had been ordered to buy the statue, which he did. Mr. Stillman is not warranted in speaking of "its rescue by D'Urville"; in fact, D'Urville was not even on the spot when it was rescued. A sort of half-popular, half-scientific legend has magnified the part played by that distinguished officer in the purchase of the Venus. On the other hand, the French vice-consul, Brest, seeing that M. de Marcellus strove to claim the whole merit for himself, stoutly asserted that he had appreciated and bought the Venus immediately after the discovery. That is a falsehood, as Brest's official correspondence with David and Rivière clearly shows.

Brest had secured the statue from being *given* to the Turkish dragoman of the arsenal, Mourouzi, before the ambassador had decided whether he would buy it or not. He thus rendered a very great service; but, thinking he had not been justly rewarded, he tried to make people believe that he had done much more. He lived till about 1865, receiving many visits, and repeating his story of the Venus with a host of imaginary details. His son, who died last summer, did just the same. Echoes of the legends circulated by Brest father and son were communicated to the public by several writers who chanced to converse with them—MM. Fouqué (the geologist), Morey, Doussault, Jules Ferry, Stillman, etc. But the elder Brest was supposed to have written nothing, and the only documents hitherto published under his name were some short letters addressed by him to the consul of Smyrna and the French ambassador at Constantinople; these letters, dated 1820, were printed in 1874, and are given in an appendix to Goeler's monograph on the Venus (1879). At the beginning of the present year, I chanced to discover the copy of a long report of Brest's, addressed by him in 1862 to the French minister at Athens, who had requested him to put down his recollections. That important document, buried among the papers of Claudius Tarral, an English doctor who had prepared a work on the Venus, has been printed by my care in the *Chronique des Arts* (1897, p. 84.) It contains many lies, but also some new and interesting statements. Brest asserts most positively that the arms of the

**Brick ragusais*, says Voutier; Brest says it was a boat from Galaxidi. At any rate, the ship was sailing under the Turkish flag.

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Venus were missing, and that she was found together with the two hermæ which are now in the Louvre. The fragment of a hand with an apple was discovered much later.

In Voutier's drawing we see the two hermæ standing upright *on inscribed pedestals*. The pedestal of the juvenile hermes bears an inscription which is the signature of a sculptor from Antioch on the Mæander, founded about 281 B. C. That piece of marble reached Paris, where it was drawn by Debay; some people thought it could be adjusted to the pedestal of the Venus, others denied it, and the discussion is not yet exhausted. Unfortunately, the fragment has disappeared and is known only by Debay's drawing. The inscription on the pedestal of the second hermes (a bearded Dionysos) was copied by Voutier, but badly reproduced by M. Ravaisson, who, finding it unintelligible, preferred not to mention it. A few weeks ago, I got hold of a photograph taken from Voutier's original drawing, and—thanks to a kind suggestion of M. Hiller von Gaertringen, who chanced to come to St.-Germain at that very moment—I could prove two very important facts: (1) that the inscription on the lost pedestal reads *Theodoridas Daistratou;* (2) that the same man's name occurs on a base found at Melos, now in the Museum at Athens, which supported the statue of a draped man and was discovered in 1879 together with the colossal Poseidon now in Athens (Collignon, 'Sculpture Grecque,' II. p. 481). Further, I procured an impression of the Theodoridas inscription and established beyond doubt, from the shape of the letters, that it belongs *to the first part of the fourth century B. C.**

So it appears that the Venus was discovered together with two hermæ, one of which is later than 280, while the other one is earlier than 350. The consequence is, I believe, that neither one nor the other belonged to the statue. Mr. Furtwaengler has lately contended, with the approval of most German archæologists, that the lost fragment with the signature of Agesandros from Antioch really pertained to the pedestal of the Venus, which he does not believe to be earlier than the second century B. C. As, according to Debay's drawing, that fragment presented a hole for the insertion of a shaft, Mr. Furtwaengler has adopted a very awkward restoration of the Venus, her left elbow resting on a kind of column inserted in the pedestal to her left. I am glad to see that Mr. Robinson, in the new edition (1896) of his Boston 'Catalogue of Casts,' has abandoned Mr. Furtwaengler's theory, after a personal examination of the pedestal in Paris. But Voutier's drawing does not allow of Mr. Furtwaengler's restoration. The fragment with the signature *did not* support a column, but the small hermes now in the Louvre. So that, supposing the Venus and the lost marble have anything in common, we must resort to Tarral's restoration, as given in Goeler's 'Venus' or in Mr. Stillman's 'On the Track of Ulysses'; the hermes is on the left side of the goddess, who raises her left arm above it. Now, if Mr. Furtwaengler's restoration is bad, that of Tarral is simply hideous. So that there seems to be no other way out of the difficulty than to deny the existence of any connection between the two hermæ and the Venus. At the same time, the argument drawn from the Agesandros inscription, in order to establish the late date of the Venus, sinks to nothing, and we are free again to believe, contrarily to MM. Furtwaengler, Benndorf, Koerte, and many others, that the Venus is a work of the fourth century B. C.

I have stated that the Theodoridas inscription, found with the Poseidon, belongs to the beginning of the same century (say 370 B.C.). Now, the Poseidon has universally been attributed to the second century B. C. The fact that it was discovered with a statue placed on an inscribed base of the fourth century is a prime argument against the accepted date. But, moreover, that inscribed base bears a dedication in the Dorian dialect to Poseidon: Θεοδωρίδας Δαιστράτο Ποσειδᾶνι. It is at least probable that Theodoridas, having dedicated the statue of Poseidon, dedicated in the same shrine his own statue, which is preserved in Athens on its pedestal. So that the Poseidon would belong to the same period as the Venus, viz., the first half of the fourth century B. C. This, if verified, will be a hard lesson for the historians of ancient art, who all but unanimously considered the Poseidon as a Greco-Roman work. I should invite archæologists who reside in Athens to study the case with the greatest care. The date of the Theodoridas inscription is *unquestionable;* it remains to establish beyond doubt that the draped statue on the pedestal really belongs to it (as Mr. Cavvadias and one of my correspondents in Athens assert), and, moreover, to inquire if the style of that statue and of the Poseidon may be considered as contemporaneous. When archæologists really get convinced that the Poseidon was sculptured about 370 B. C., then nothing will prevent us from attributing the Venus to the school of Phidias, which is the natural tendency of all those who have studied the Elgin marbles, and which—I may add—has always been my opinion, in spite of the German archæologists and of the greatest among them, Mr. Furtwaengler.

Truly yours, SALOMON REINACH.

SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, March 4, 1897.

* See *Chronique des Arts*, 1897, p. 42. When I wrote that article, I had not yet procured an impression of the Theodoridas inscription at Athens.

MONTAIGNE TRANSLATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The interesting article in your issue of March 4 on Pater's unfinished romance would have been still more valuable if the reviewer had not followed his author in the phrasing of the quotations from Montaigne. He shows so much "first-hand" knowledge and appreciation of the great Frenchman that he ought to have perceived (and commented on the fact) that Mr. Pater took his translations second-hand from Cotton, and that they have the second-rate quality of much of Cotton's work—which is a serious injury to Mr. Pater's chapter on Montaigne.

But the greatest crime committed (recommitted) by Mr. Pater and his reviewer, Cotton is not responsible for, and I have for many years been vainly endeavoring to discover at whose door to lay the original sin. Mr. Pater quotes, your reviewer quotes, what is constantly everywhere quoted as being a sentence of Montaigne's: "Doubt is the best of pillows to sleep on." The many pages that have been written of *inference* from this saying, rest on nothing: Montaigne never uttered it. The saying it is *meant* for is this: "Ignorance and indifference [*i. e.*, our necessary ignorance about our future conditions *in this life*, and voluntary indifference about their ordering] are a soft pillow for a sound head." It will be seen that this has nothing to do with philosophic or religious *doubt*. The phrase is preceded by these sentences, which strike the note of the whole passage. (The italics are mine.)

"En cette université [*i. e.*, in the universe of our life] je me laisse *ignoramment* et *negligemment* manier à la loy generale du monde: je la sçauray assez quand je la sentiray: ma science ne luy peut faire changer de routte: elle ne se diversifiera pas pour moy; c'est folie de l'esperer, et plus grande folie de s'en mettre en peine, puis qu'elle est necessairement semblable, publique et commune. La bonté et capacité du gouverneur nous doit à pur et à plein descharger du soing du gouvernement: les inquisitions et contemplations philosophiques [about life] ne servent que d'aliment à nostre *curiosité*. Les philosophes, avec grande raison, nous renvoyent aux regles de nature. . . . Le plus simplement se commettre à nature, c'est s'y commettre le plus sagement. O que c'est un doux et mol chevet et sain, que l'ignorance et l'incuriosité, à reposer une teste bien faicte!"

Mr. Pater (following Cotton) quotes Montaigne as saying that "it is the greatest thing in the world for a man to know that he is his own"; your reviewer more clumsily puts it, "for a man to know that a man is his own." The original is, "Là plus grande chose du monde c'est de sçavoir estre à soy"; *i. e.*, to know how to belong to one's self. This is not, as your reviewer seems to think, an assertion of freedom of thought, but of the desirableness of living "à loisir et à son aise." It is found in the essay on Solitude, and is fitly there; it is the answer to "ce beau mot dequoy se couvre l'ambition: . . . 'Que nous ne sommes pas nez pour nostre particulier, ains pour le publicq.'" It is almost the suggestion of Pascal's thought, "que tout le malheur des hommes vient d'une seule chose, qui est de ne savoir pas demeurer en repos dans une chambre."

Montaigne is very different from what he is "made out" to be!

A READER OF MONTAIGNE IN THE ORIGINAL.

[The review of Pater suffered a long delay in printing, and was written in the vacation away from books. The reviewer too reads Montaigne in the original.—ED. NATION.]

AN AMERICAN WOMAN AT THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An American lady who has recently received a Ph.D. at the University of Göttingen gives, in a private letter to members of her family, the following account of her examination and the accompanying festivites. The account throws light on the status of women at the German universities, and also illustrates, as the writer says, how the Germans *do* some things.

A. B.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., 1897.

"The cablegram told you that I passed the much dreaded ordeal *cum laude*. Of course you wish to know all about it, but the tale is so long it can only be given in broad lines. You remember when I came to Göttingen two years ago, I wrote you that the junior professor in German would not admit me to his *seminar* or his lectures; but the head of this department, dear old Professor Heyne, told me not to attempt to conciliate him, that he would give me all the work necessary to obtain my degree. When the permission came from the Cultus Minister at Berlin to be examined, the objector, although by himself, and powerless, thundered and roared both publicly and privately, and thus brought the whole Woman Question to the front again. The faculty, headed by Professor Heyne, decided that the whole matter must be kept from

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me, but, as is always the case, it got to my ears, and, of course, greatly increased my anxiety. All the trouble and delay, added to the effects of my hard work, almost caused a physical collapse, but by force of will I managed to keep my nerves under, and have come through in fairly good shape. I feel that I have done my last pioneer work in any 'cause.' It is too wearing on both body and spirit. Henceforth I shall leave such work to those who have the philanthropic reformatory temperament.

"The examination itself was about what you would expect it to be—as a test of knowledge in three different subjects—a farce, if you are not known by your examiners, which is usually the case in your *Nebenfächer*.

"The Germans are very glad to get a 'cum laude.' Personally, I am satisfied, but for the 'cause' should have felt happier over a 'magna.' From my observation, I think I have done much more work than the average student, and without conceit can say that I know something about my subjects in the German sense of knowing.

"When I returned to the waiting-room at the close of the examination (8 P. M.), I found it full of people of both sexes with flowers and laurel wreaths. During my absence, my landlady had hung my door with garlands of evergreen, and arranged the flowers which had arrived in the meantime on the table in the middle of the room. Then, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. ——, I was taken to the finest restaurant in the town for supper. When I came to dinner at the *pension* the next day, I found my chair wound around with greens by the servants, and one after the other of the *Tischgesellschaft* came to me with flowers, which were put around my plate in such profusion that I could hardly see over them. The climax was reached when one of the German Ph.D.'s came in with a laurel wreath, tied with the colors of the philosophical faculty, which he put on my head to the great glee of the rest. I felt a bit silly, but it made a jolly time and showed the good will of all.

"I have been banqueted by the Americans at the rooms of two of the lady members of the colony. Besides all this, a banquet was arranged for me in my apartments, entirely German. The menu consisted of all kinds of *Butterbrod*, black, brown, and white, '*belegt*' with every kind of cheese, *Wurst* and *Schinken*, with potato salad and eggs and beer. After these substantials, the long table was removed, and a smaller one was laden with punch-bowl, wine-glasses, and all sorts of bonbons and cakes. A speech was made in honor of the new doctor, who responded as gracefully as she was able. Student songs, a very amusing mock examination, etc., etc. In this company were my private tutors with their wives, and some other German friends.

"It may seem to you that it was a strange celebration for a strictly temperate American girl, but this is the way the Germans do things. The closing festivities occur Saturday night at the *pension*, the preparations for which I am not to know. I expect a lot of nonsense, which I am in the mood to enjoy after the long strain. Although the American students have congratulated me in the most hearty way, the leaders in these festivities are my German friends, who cannot do enough in honor of the new 'Fräulein doctor.'

"The expense incurred in obtaining the degree, including fees to examiners, diploma, and printing of *Arbeit*, is 400 marks."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Skeat may be, as "F. H." alleges, chargeable with censoriousness and precipitancy and with ignorance of the amenities of modern literature, but surely the provocation must be great when his own Cambridge furnishes such a specimen of conjectural etymology as the following:

"Is the *there* in this case [There are green roses] a corruption of *they*? If the original form was, *e. g.*, *Green roses, they are* = *Green roses exist* or *are to be found* (cf. an old form of inscription in books, *e. g.*, *Stephen Thorp, his book*), it may have passed to They are, *i. e.*, green roses (are); and, then, perhaps for euphony's sake, and with some oblivion of the primary meaning and a vague reference to *there* in sense (2), There are green roses."—*Elements of Logic*. By E. E. Constance Jones, Girton College, Cambridge.

Sense (2), referred to above, makes *There is X* mean *X is existent*. A. I.

New Bedford, Mass., March, 1897.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish 'Pioneers of Evolution, from Thales to Huxley,' by Edward Clodd.

A volume of stories, 'The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People,' by W. C. Morrow, is in the press of J. B. Lippincott Co.

Recent reprints of a delectable kind are 'The Last Essays of Elia,' in J. M. Dent & Co.'s handy "Temple Series," still edited by Mr. Gollancz, and here sub-edited, with a minute pursuit of Lamb's citations and allusions, by W. J. Craig, of Trinity College, Dublin. It is the first edition which is here reproduced. The same house adds to its attractive Balzac a version by Clara Bell of 'About Catherine de' Medici.' Prof. Saintsbury furnishes the preface, in which he has a kindly word for the screaming fanatics who think that the policy of a state ought to be, even if it cannot be, "governed by the same considerations of duty to its neighbors as those which ought to govern the conduct of an individual." We remark in passing the appearance of 'The Deputy of Arcis' in Miss Wormeley's translation of Balzac, published by Roberts Bros., Boston, and return to Dent & Co. for mention of the Daudet series, augmented now by 'Sappho,' of which Dr. Henry Frith has done the rendering into English.

"My Lord the Elephant" is the prize design in bas-relief by the elder Kipling illustrating the third volume of the "Outward Bound" edition of Rudyard Kipling's Writings in Prose and Verse (Scribners). We should say accompanying rather than illustrating, for the story itself occurs in the previous volume. But, wherever found, this elephant is a striking product of familiar observation and of artistic cleverness. The text continues the Military Tales.

The literary and intellectual quality of the late Abram C. Dayton's 'Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York,' of which a second edition has just been published by the Putnams, is far below its readableness and real, if modest, worth as a picture of local manners and town characters in the thirties and forties. First issued, rather privately, in 1880, it is already antiquated, as one may see in the sections on the Middle Dutch Church bell, which "still clangs"; on the Tabernacle, with its vulgar caricature of the reformers who there held their anniversary meetings; or on the Adams Express Co., with its first-rate certificate to the integrity of a late president of the company. But such blemishes are either few or insignificant, and the writer's reminiscences are now supplemented by a number of excellent contemporary illustrations, which deserved an index. We reckon seventeen of them, including portraits of Grant Thorburn and five actors and actresses, the chapter on the stage being one of the best of Mr. Dayton's re-creations.

A good work, long needed, has been done by Mr. Frederick Wells Williams, Instructor in Oriental History in Yale University. In 'A History of China' (Scribners) he has reprinted the historical chapters from his father's large two-volume work, 'The Middle Kingdom,' and has added a luminous preface, a good index, and an original chapter of seventy-two pages. This last gives a narrative of recent events during the past twenty years. It is especially full on the Chino-Japanese war, with copious references to periodical literature and recent works on China. The work is creditably executed and will conveniently serve the purpose of the student and general reader. No one more than the late Dr. Williams himself realized his own deficiencies of method, and in his opening chapter he calls for some Gibbon or Niebuhr to begin critical research and prepare the way for a history of China that will satisfy modern taste and demands. Perhaps no individual, in our century at least, is capable of producing the desired work, and it is more than probable that, for a generation to come, this volume, so convenient and accessible, will hold an honored place. Mr. Williams, the editor and augmenter, writes impartially as between the Chinese and Japanese.

Longmans, Green & Co. have just published an attractive little volume, entitled 'Letters from Constantinople,' by Mrs. Max Müller. Three years ago Professor and Mrs. Max Müller visited Constantinople, where their son was Secretary of Embassy. The Sultan invited them to an audience and, later, to a dinner and a breakfast, and placed at their disposal an aide-de-camp who accompanied them everywhere, even to Brusa. Besides those things which tourists ordinarily see, they were shown the palace, private gardens, stables, and library of the Sultan, at Yildiz. Mrs. Müller also visited the wives of some of the Turkish ministers. The Sultan showered decorations upon both Prof. Müller and his wife, and the former presented the Sultan with his great work, 'The Sacred Books of the East.' The letters are very charming and entertaining. They are concerned mainly with the delightful reception accorded to the travellers. They are personal, as is natural, but incidentally they also contain some interesting glimpses of Turkish official life. It is difficult for Mrs. Müller to realize that the same Sultan who treated them with such cordiality and graciousness "has condoned, to say the least, the Armenian atrocities." She asks, "Could the Sultan have stopped the horrible massacres that were performed in his name? One wonders." Four of the sixteen chapters, or letters, in this volume were written by Prof. Müller; the remaining twelve by his wife, who edits the whole.

'On the Edge of the Orient,' by R. H. Russell (Scribners), is a slight and not ill-written sketch of the author's travels in Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey, and Egypt. The chapter on Montenegro is perhaps the most interesting. The photographic illustrations, which form so large a portion of books of this sort, are made with judgment. We cannot refrain from one criticism of the writer. In his chapter "The Pasha's Levee," he describes how, in his tourist's costume, he walked uninvited into the palace of the Governor of Damascus on the day of a great official reception. The fact that he was treated with ceremonious politeness in a private audience appears to him a fine joke. Any American who has winced under the reputation for ill-breeding that his fellow-countrymen have among a good many foreigners, cannot read this description with agreeable sensations.

College teachers in technical subjects have a sufficiently difficult occupation even when their students appear before them with the best of preparation in elementary subjects;

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and text-books that promote a distinct advance in the methods of teaching the elements on which technical instruction is to be based, may justly claim a generous welcome. This is the case with the companion books by Drs. Austin and Thwing ('Physical Measurement'), and Profs. Carhart and Patterson ('Electrical Measurements'), both published in Boston by Allyn & Bacon. They deal with laboratory methods in physics and electricity. The latter is the more pretentious, and has more faults in view of laboratory requirements; but both books, if properly used, will help college students to a true conception of physics.

Two text-books on geology have lately been published by the Macmillan Co.—one, 'Elementary Geology,' by Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell (pp. 498); the other, more advanced, by Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton (pp. 573). The first two parts of Tarr's book will be generally approved as giving a good introduction to physical or dynamical geology, with much fresh material, all explanatory and rational, although not always careful enough. The third part, in attempting to treat historical geology in a brief and elementary manner, necessarily omits the reasons for various statements. This part is beyond the real understanding of students who can use the preceding parts to best advantage. Scott's 'Introduction to Geology' is on a more serious plan. It is adapted to older beginners, and to the liking of a teacher who introduces a large share of deduction in his work. Logically enough, from the author's point of view, volcanoes and earthquakes form an early chapter, because they are determined by deep internal structures; and the processes of weathering come later because they are superficial. The closing chapters deal with historical geology, going much further than we believe any beginner can go with real intellectual profit. The book is not yet written that gives the young student a scientific knowledge of geology as the history of the earth. In both these books many excellent illustrations are to be found; but, in both, the "process" reproduction of photographs has led to some very unprofitable results, and in Tarr's the "vanishing-point" diagrams are peculiarly unnatural.

Russell's 'Glaciers of North America' (Ginn & Co.), a companion volume to his 'Lakes of North America,' is a most welcome addition to school and college literature, and must serve an excellent purpose as "a reading-lesson for students of geography and geology." It gives first a general account of glaciers, then a detailed description of them in all parts of our continent, with abundant and generally excellent illustrations. Climatic changes indicated by records of past glaciers, and the processes of glacier motion, each have a chapter; and the book closes with a very interesting and novel presentation of the "life-history of a glacier," showing its birth, development, decline, and death. For school and college libraries such a book as this is indispensable.

It has required very careful reading to determine whether Dr. A. H. Hoy designed his 'Eating and Drinking' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.) for the popular or the professional eye. We think he had both in view, and we fear that neither will be gratified. There is too much that is technical for the one, and entirely too much that is rudimentary and commonplace for the other. The key to the essay is, that the maintenance of the alkalinity of the blood is necessary for the preservation of health, which is probably true. The author would seek to attain, or, more strictly, preserve, this condition by attention to diet, wisely remembering that there are constitutional differences between people, and that no fixed rules will lead all to physical any more than to social felicity. A very large number of authorities, some of weight, are quoted to sustain the different points in his argument, but unfortunately not one of them can be consulted except in these extracts, from violation of the fundamental principle of citing title and page. The style is loose, often inconsequential and colloquial, occasionally pointed, but generally obscure from an overflow of not very well selected words. Should the book be made into two, each one-third of the present size, one for physicians and one for the people, with short, clear, expressive sentences, both would be useful contributions to the science of health.

A very different volume is Alexander Wynter Blyth's 'Foods' (Van Nostrand), the fourth edition of which, enlarged and really revised, consists of seven hundred pages teeming with tables and well illustrated. As a manual of the composition and examination of human food it has a leading position. Exact reference to every authority and a series of bibliographies make easy the confirmation of quotation and the further study of the subject. The legal relations are to the English law, but, while superfluous for daily use here, they suggest ways of right doing, sometimes tedious but generally effective, and by so much encouraging to those working under other skies and rules.

Criticism being decidedly in fashion in France at the present day, the constant succession of volumes of criticism which issue from the press is not surprising, but it is surprising to find so much good work in a field incessantly and regularly traversed by writers of all shades of opinion and of widely different degrees of talent. Of the older and better known, Gustave Larroumet gives us still another collection of what might, in some respects, be termed fugitive pieces, in 'Petits Portraits et Notes d'Art' (Paris: Hachette). There is nothing in this volume of much weight or conspicuous merit. Henri Bordeaux's 'Sentiments et Idées de ce Temps' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.) contains more solid and instructive matter, notably a good article on the dilettantism of Jules Lemaître, a writer whose wit and cleverness are apt to impress many readers with the notion that he is weighty and a safe guide in all matters literary. There is a curious admiration of Bourget's work, especially of that part of it which has the United States for its subject, in which it is not easy to share. But it is interesting to note how curious the French have become concerning this country, and how desirous of having a more faithful account of its people and their peculiarities than can be gathered from the works of romancers or the plays of dramatists who have never crossed the water.

M. Charles Dejob has made the relations of France and Italy in matters of literature his chosen field of study, and has already published two volumes of decided worth on this subject. His latest publication, 'Études sur la Tragédie' (Paris: Colin & Cie.), is devoted almost wholly to a continuation of his special labors. He gives us two studies, both well wrought out, on "French Tragedy in Italy and Italian Tragedy in France in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," and on "Contemporary Historical Drama in France and Italy." In these he shows a quite sufficiently high opinion of the historical dramas produced of late years in France. He has attempted in another study to vindicate Campistron from the condemnation passed upon him by Hugo, who, in the famous line,

"Sur le Racine éteint, le Campistron pullule,'

branded the poor wretch for ever as the type of the feeble imitators of the great tragedian.

Mr. Edward Meyer, in his 'Machiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama' (Weimar, 1897), a German inaugural dissertation but written in English, presents a careful study of the origin and early history of a popular misconception. The 'Prince,' on which the popular notion of Machiavelli's teachings is largely based, although not translated into English until 1640, had been known to English scholars as early as 1568, the probable date of Ascham's 'Scholemaster,' in which Machiavelli's name occurs. But the real source of the Machiavellianism which has become a byword in English speech was a work attacking the 'Prince' by a Frenchman, Gentillet, whose book was translated in 1577 by Simon Patericke. By this means Machiavelli was displayed to English readers in the guise of an instigator of tyranny, cruelty, perfidy, fraud, libertinism, and atheism. In this guise his name became one of the most familiar allusions of the Elizabethan theatre. Indeed, in the prologue to Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," and in some later pieces, he even trod the boards as a kind of sanguinary *Mephistopheles*. Mr. Meyer has collected 395 instances of Machiavelli's name or his supposed maxims occurring in Elizabethan literature, mainly in the drama, and finds "Machiavellian" traits in nearly all of the stage villains of the time. Towards the end of his dramatic existence, Machiavelli degenerated from a terror into a subject of ridicule, and, by the time of the closing of the theatres in 1642, had well-nigh lost his power to interest an audience. As every one knows, however, the old notion has become crystallized in a handy epithet.

Recent numbers of the *Far East*, published in Tokio, contain articles of high literary merit by native writers, which are remarkable as showing the real ambition of the better minds of Japan to be that of peace rather than of war. It is true that the writers are not army officers; yet, though scholars and literary men, they enjoy in their other writings a tremendous popularity, and their chosen subjects in this magazine, and their methods of treatment, are noteworthy signs of the times. Especially to be remarked is the brilliant article by Prof. Nitobé (who wrote 'The United States and Japan,' in the Johns Hopkins University Historical Series) on "Our Recent Chauvinism." He shows that the outbursts in literature, theatricals, popular notions, fashions, and anti-Christian movements are but the expiring flicker of a flame that can no longer live in the new atmosphere of Japan. The anti-foreign reaction is already over, but, as now seen, it has proved that Japan no longer stands outside the pale of the forces that act upon the larger world. Many a Japanese already sees the time near at hand when a patriot can be a good citizen of the world without sacrificing one iota of the love of his country. Other articles treat of the Indo-Germanic elements in the Japanese language, the ceramic art in Japan, the progress of education, and the various questions (including that of a conflict of laws) likely to arise out of the revised treaties. The magazine (in English) is to be had of the International News Co., 85 Duane St., New York.

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A. W. Elson & Co., Boston (New York: H. Wunderlich and Wm. Schaus), send us a remarque proof edition of the latest portrait in their series entitled "The Makers of Our Nation and Our Battles for Freedom," namely, the Franklin in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, ascribed by its donor to Greuze, but now believed to be a replica of Duplessis's portrait. To whichever artist it may belong, it is the Franklin whose image is most familiar to his countrymen, and the execution of this photogravure is up to the level of the best of the series, which has now an imposing length. The undertaking was originally begun with a special view to adorning the school-room, and there is a parallel edition, at the uniform price of a dollar, which brings this national gallery quite within reach of even rural schools. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Marshall, John Jay, Samuel Adams, Lincoln, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Prescott, and Motley are already thus scattered up and down the country, and the wall-spaces had best be filled before the Platts, Quays, Lodges, Forakers, Shermans, Hannas, and kindred statesmen put forward their claims to reverent remembrance.

An American Committee, headed by Minister Bayard, has been formed in London to assist in the Cabot celebration, at Bristol, during the coming summer. A monument is to be erected in that city, and it is proposed that the funds collected in America shall be specifically devoted—as, to one of the bas reliefs on the plinth of the monument. Subscriptions from this side may be sent to the Secretary, Lorin A. Lathrop, United States Consul at Bristol, or to Brown Brothers & Co., New York, to the credit of Brown, Shipley & Co., London, Cabot Committee Account.

—America has a title to some share in the credit that attaches to a newly published 'Bibliography of Arabic Literature,' of all ages, as printed in the East or in the West, by Edward Van Dyck (Cairo: George Zaydān, 1896). The compiler of this work, which is wholly in Arabic and intended as a manual for Oriental youth desiring a guide to standard and profitable reading, is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Van Dyck, the distinguished missionary at Beirut, and therefore of American parentage, though born in Syria. But he was also formerly one of the United States consular clerks and interpreter to the State Department at Washington, for which he made a valuable compilation of the capitulations of Turkey. In revising his account of printed works on Moslem law and religion, Mr. Van Dyck has had the assistance of Sayyid Muhammad-'Ali-al-Biblāwi. The work comprises altogether 600 pages, large octavo. The arrangement is systematic and chronological; there is a full table of contents, an index of titles and another of authors. The introduction treats of the places in which Arabic works are preserved, and of bibliographical works in general pertaining to Arabic literature, while Part i. exhibits the interest taken by European scholars in the language and literature, and their labors in publishing standard Arabic works. Part ii. surveys the literature, transmitted orally and in writing, from the earliest times to the fall of Bagdad, with mention of what has got into print. The period of decay, down to the revival in modern times, occupies Part iii. Part iv. ushers in the nineteenth century, but the production has now become too vast for exhaustive presentation. Biographical notices of prominent writers are, as a rule, given throughout; and titles are frequently followed by short notices of contents and appreciations. There can be but one judgment as to the merit of this unique and learned undertaking.

—A correspondent writes us from Cairo that the new Egyptian Museum is rapidly going up. It is an enormous structure situated just down the river from the Gasr en Nyl barracks (a pile well known to those who have crossed the Nile bridge to Gezyra), and not far from the old original museum site at Bulak. The present costly edifice has been designed by a French architect, and is admirably adapted for its purpose both as regards lighting and future enlargement, and is as nearly fire-proof as possible. The Museum will, as now, be the largest collection of any kind in the world housed under one roof. Recent accessions have been numerous and of vast interest. The present month also sees arise, on the great Abdyn Square, opposite the Khedive's palace, the new Arabian Museum and Khedivial Library, with ample accommodations. The Belgian company controlling the trolley lines that radiate from the city in various directions has obtained a concession for a line to the Pyramids, which it hopes to have open next season. The conditions are that the company shall widen the great bridge over the Nile, lay its rails outside of the great beautiful lebbek-shaded carriage-road, and fill up the old disused canal running through the city from Old Cairo on the south to Abbassiyeh on the north, and to make in its place an avenue six kilometres long and ten metres wide, with privilege to lay a track on it. This will be a marked and useful improvement.

—Prof. Gardner, at the last meeting of the Hellenic Society, gave an account of a stone tripod now at Oxford, and described by Prof. Michaelis on p. 592 of his 'Ancient Marbles of Great Britain.' Anthony Lefroy presented it to All Souls College in 1771, having described it in his inscription as "aram tripodem olim matri deum in templo S. Corinthi consecratum." There was, said Prof. Gardner, no solid reason for Lefroy's supposition connecting the tripod with the temple of the mother of the gods. The monument could be described as follows: "On a round pedestal with three feet recline three lions, on each of which stands a female figure clad in a long chiton girt at the waist, and wearing on the head a kind of stephane, and over that a round crown or polos. Each grasps in one hand the tail of a lion whereon she stands; with the other, apparently raises her dress. On the heads of the three women rests a basis, supported also by a central column, in the form of an hour-glass with torus in the midst." Gori, in the 'Numismata Lefroyana,' considered this tripod unique, but since his day (1789), and indeed since Machaelis dealt with it, fragments of two or three similar bases had been found. Getting such help as these afford, especially depending upon Dr. Treu's reconstruction of a similar basis from Olympia which admits of certain modifications, Prof. Gardner concluded that the form, use, and character and even the scale of the Olympian and the Oxford tripods, and the vessels they supported, were the same. They are specimens of a kind of monument common in antiquity and of a fixed type. No real notions of cultus can have attached to the three supporting figures, and such tripods may have belonged to the service of any of the gods, not of Cybele only. Most likely they were used for holding the holy water for the purification of those who came into the presence of the gods. Without being sure that the Oxford tripod may not be a very faithful Roman copy of a Greek original belonging, at the latest, to the middle of the fifth century B. C., Prof. Gardner inclines to think it an original. The Olympian basis being lamentably fragmentary, this tripod-basis of All Souls remains the only extant well-preserved example of a kind of utensil in common use at the various shrines of Greece.

—At the same meeting, Prof. Gardner also dealt with the "Mantinean Bases," three beautiful slabs preserved in the Central Museum at Athens, upon which are sculptured, in bas-relief, figures from the workshop of Praxiteles, whose statues of Leto, Apollo, and Artemis stood on the pedestal which these slabs adorned. The writer maintained that the three slabs form a complete composition as they are, and rejected the current idea that there was a missing slab, containing three Muses. With this apocryphal slab, he rejected as unnecessary an emendation of Pausanias's description of the Mantinean basis, and Dr. Waldstein's restoration of its three statues. In place of this last, he proposed a group like that found upon a Megarian coin of Severus which copies "a probable replica made for that city" by Praxiteles. The Mantinean monument would then be briefly as follows: On the left of the pedestal we should have Leto with three Muses (one of the slabs) adorning the pedestal below her; on the right of the pedestal would stand Artemis with three Muses (the second slab) below. In the middle would stand the Praxitelean Apollo, and the third slab would adorn the centre of the basis just below Apollo. This third slab is the only one that caught Pausanias's eye, and he mistook the seated, long-robed Apollo for a Muse —a most natural mistake. This central slab, like each of the others, contains three figures. Apollo is seated with his lyre, and before him stands a Phrygian slave, beyond whom is the discomfited Marsyas. The fact that the number of Muses on the basis is then only six was easily dealt with by references to Oscar Bie's exhaustive treatise, which shows that Hellenic art was a stranger to the fixed number of nine, so scrupulously adhered to in Hellenistic as in Roman times.

—The recent investigations by Dr. Ehlers of leprosy in Iceland have directed the attention of the Danish authorities to the prevalence of this dreaded disease in other Danish colonies, and the results will be a surprise to the majority of readers. The other leprosy centre is in the three Danish West India islands of St. Thomas, St. Kitts, and St. Croix. In view of the frequently renewed attempts on our part to obtain possession of the first of these, the question may be regarded as having a special interest for Americans. Indeed, if the present Administration should take serious steps towards acquiring St. Thomas, the complete rooting out of leprosy by the Danish authorities should be made a previous condition. According to the official report of the Board of Health, the figures of which probably fall considerably below the actual condition, there were in 1894 twenty-two lepers on St. Thomas, evenly divided as to sex, of whom five belonged to the higher classes, five were inferior whites, and the rest were colored. It is interesting to note that all of the ten white lepers were natives of the island. Seven were either Jews or of Jewish descent. On St. Croix there were eighty-two lepers, the greater number being due to the location there of the only hospital for the special use of this class of patients. As to sex, the

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women are slightly in the majority. All but one belong to the lower classes. On St. Kitts the last leper died about three years ago. The proportion of lepers to the whole population is four per thousand. A serious feature of the disease is the lack of isolation of patients. No law requires them to be placed in the asylum on St. Croix, and patients already quartered there may leave at any time. On St. Thomas they are placed in the same hospital with other patients. It is none too soon that the Board of Health has begun to attempt reforms which, if successful, will provide isolated hospitals, with obligatory residence of all lepers known to the authorities.

—Very few mathematicians of the strength and originality of the late James Joseph Sylvester, who died in London on March 15, have ever lived. There have been great analysts whose secret was a symbolical method—it was, so to speak, their little game, by which they made problems of a certain class easy; others have accomplished great things by turning problems into geometrical shape; others have carefully avoided problems that were not adapted to their peculiar powers; but Sylvester seemed ready to attack any problem, provided only it was difficult—even problems in geometry, for which he was wanting in the peculiar knack that some men have; he never employed symbolical methods, but seemed to create a method specially adapted to each problem he took up. Perhaps he was not, on the whole, a mathematician of the greatest kind; but for naked logical strength but two or three have ever equalled him. He was of Jewish extraction, and was born September 3, 1814, in London. In 1837 he graduated from Johns, Cambridge, being second senior wrangler. After an inappropriate appointment to the professorship of natural philosophy in the University of London, he accepted a professorship in the University of Virginia, where he stayed less than a year, however. Other experiments, in England, were equally uncongenial or unfruitful. In 1876, at the instance of Peirce, he was called to the Johns Hopkins University. He accepted with much diffidence, for he always said he had not much mathematical reading. Nevertheless, his occupancy of the chair proved a glorious success, and a school of enthusiastic and very able young mathematicians grew up under his guidance. His students were always introduced to the matter that was glowing upon the anvil of his own workshop, and so learned how to make researches. In this way he conferred upon this country an inestimable benefit. He established here the *American Journal of Mathematics*, which continues to occupy a more than respectable position among journals of discovery. In December, 1883, he was elected Savilian professor of geometry in the University of Oxford, and thereupon returned to his native land, where, at length occupying a position such as ought to have been imposed upon him forty-five years earlier, he immediately began to stimulate the development of mathematics as he had done here.

THE NEW VASARI.

Lives of Seventy of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Giorgio Vasari. Edited and annotated in the light of recent discoveries by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. With reproductions in photogravure of 48 masterpieces of Italian painting and sculpture. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. 4 vols. 8vo.

One of the most signal services that could be done to the study of the history of Italian art would be the bringing out of such an edition of Vasari as could now be made. Messer Giorgio's text should be apportioned to three specialists in architecture, sculpture, and painting respectively. By specialist we of course do not mean a person exceedingly learned in his subject. That is not enough, for "knowledge comes and wisdom lingers," and wisdom in art can come only to the student gifted with a good eye and artistic sensibility, who has had much experience of the work of art as a sensation. Still less than men of learning do we mean to include among specialists the enthusiasts who delve in archives from which they extract documents chiefly of great insignificance, to whom, as to the proverbial professor for whom Greek literature was nothing but a providential illustration to the grammar, the work of art has no value whatever except such as the document lends it. By specialist we mean, in short, a connoisseur in his subject—that is to say, one who knows the works of art intimately, subtly, and minutely, and knows all the valuable (for of worthless writing on art there is no end) literature concerning them.

The difficulties would not be the same for each of the three specialists to whom our ideal edition of Vasari would be assigned. The student of architecture would have the easiest task. Either the buildings have remained or they have perished, and that is the end of it. They cannot be hidden away in some private collection among the Dacians, Scythians, or Picts. Then, as architecture was always a more serious undertaking than painting, involving more persons and taking more time, it is natural that documents regarding it should be more plentiful. Nor is this all. The interpretation of documents for architecture is a comparatively simple matter. In this art, styles are so limited and so obvious that even the obtusest archivist will not commit, as in painting the cleverest have done, the mistake of confusing a late work with the earlier that it replaces—the earlier being the subject of his document.

The writer on sculpture has a task not quite so easy, but yet not fraught with the difficulties that stand in the way of the student of the history of Italian paintings. So frequently have works described in documents perished, and been replaced by pictures answering equally well to the descriptions, so often have originals been sold secretly and copies made to supply their place, that no document can possibly guarantee the authenticity of a picture. The greatest of all archivists, Gaetano Milanesi, had so little competence when brought face to face with the work of art that, to choose one example out of many, he could mistake an "Assumption" at S. Agostino in Borgo S. Sepolcro, painted by some feeble follower of Perugino, for a picture of the same subject, and for the same church, that, according to documents, the great and severe Piero dei Franceschi should have painted sixty years earlier.

But the interpretation of documents is not the only difficulty that the student of the history of painting has to encounter; a much greater is the scattering of the material. To acquire such an acquaintance with the style of a painter in all its phases as the connoisseur must have, demands years of travel, the visiting not only of every public gallery in Europe, but of the even more numerous and frequently inaccessible private collections. This is a labor costly and full of hardships, and the reward is small. No wonder it is undertaken but seldom. Yet without all this toil no student would be fit to edit Vasari's 'Lives of the Painters.'

The edition before us has not been edited by specialists, but by compilers. Let us say at once that they have acquitted themselves of their task as well as outsiders to the subject possibly could have done. They are well informed, unpartisan, fair—according to their light. Yet their commentary is a jumble of material, some valuable, other questionable; much, worse than useless. For them every person who fairly recently has written a book is an authority, and the bulkier the book the weightier the authority. To take one instance out of a number, they cite and quote M. Müntz constantly. Now M. Müntz has done nothing to deserve such honor except to publish some documents throwing light for the most part on petty craftsmen only, and several huge compilations on the Renaissance and Raphael. This compiler has been for the editors of our Vasari a far greater authority than Cavalcaselle, Morelli, or Bode. The trouble with the compiler is that he cannot possibly judge of the real value of the material before him. He is sure, in spite of the best intentions, to fall a victim to standards of criticism that are irrelevant. He has none of that power of weighing evidence which to the well-trained specialist becomes almost instinctive. He will, in despair, end with some rough-and-ready balancing of authorities such as we find in the notes to the volume now occupying us.

There is one thing for which Vasari never can be made to serve, and that is as a complete history of Italian art. We fear some such intention has misguided Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins. They have tried not only to correct Vasari's many errors and to tell us of the fate or the present resting-place of the works of art he mentions, but to piece him out with much new information, and to correct his judgments where they do not think him sound. Now so to supplement him as to make him a complete guide to Italian art is next to impossible—or, if you must attempt it, you end by writing some such work as Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have produced on painting. It no longer is Vasari. Messer Giorgio was true to his kindred points of heaven and home. Of Lombard art he knew nothing; of Emilian and Veronese, not much more. Even the Venetians he knew most superficially—only a few names—the Bellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Palma, Lotto, Titian, Tintoretto; and that is all. When he mentions others it is to confuse them hopelessly. Our editors have attempted to put Vasari straight, but we cannot commend them for their success quite as warmly as we should like.

But of this more presently. Our chief objection is to correcting Vasari's estimates. In the first place they are better in almost every instance than any that have been given since; but even if they were not, who would care to have him annotated with corrections? To the beginner such contradictions of the master can bring confusion only, and that despairing feeling of art being all "a matter of taste" which certainly does not invite to further study. To the person who already knows the artists, these emendations are worthless because he has his own estimates, and when he turns to Vasari it is either as to literature or as to a source of information. We should not

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quarrel so much with the annotators if they had confined themselves to giving their own appreciations—which, by the way, are excellent and at times singularly felicitous; but they waste abundant space on quotations from the vague generalizations of Taine, the pompous emptiness of Symonds, or the alluring tinsel of Vernon Lee.

Before citing a small number of examples illustrating some of the various objections we have made, a word is in place regarding the translation, the reproductions, and the bibliography. The translation is Mrs. Foster's, and through it you do see Vasari, but as through a glass, darkly. The illustrations are pretty well reproduced, but as a rule we should not say that they were either the most representative or the best fitted for reproduction. What idea, for instance, will you have of Giotto's style after seeing an illustration but a few inches square, yet expected to do justice to his vastest composition, the "Last Judgment" of the Arena Chapel? As for the bibliography, it is confusing in arrangement and purposely incomplete, many of the books most often cited in the notes being not discoverable here. It is, to say the least, an odd way of compiling a bibliography.

And now for those instances we have promised to give. The famous Madonna at S. Maria Novella is ascribed to Cimabue as unquestioningly as if Wickhoff had never written on the subject. One is even more taken aback to find the fresco at S. Onofrio in Rome, which used to be attributed to Leonardo, ascribed to Cesare da Sesto, on the authority of M. Reymond (a writer without weight on painting, although most praiseworthy on sculpture) when Morelli, Frizzoni, Richter, and even Bode, we believe, have all given it to Beltraffio, by whom obviously it is. Of authorities, why choose the least? The reason seems to be that M. Reymond has written more bulkily on the subject. The editors allow themselves to be greatly troubled that Gronau and Wickhoff ascribe the "Fête Champêtre" to Campagnola and not to Giorgione. We are happy to be able to set them at rest. Dr. Gronau has abjured his heresy, and as for Prof. Wickhoff, he is of as little weight as a connoisseur as he is of importance in historical criticism and in iconography. Still more provincial is the awe the editors show before the many Italian writers on local art. These, except when publishing the text of documents, are best disregarded.

In spite of their most earnest efforts, Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins are not quite up to date, as mere compilers must always fail to be. Pollajuolo's embroideries, for instance, are no longer in the sacristy of S. Giovanni, but in the Opera del Duomo at Florence. The Ghirlandajo formerly at St. Anna in Pisa is now in the museum of that town. Such matters are trifling; but it is more serious when we find no mention of much recent literature that might have been of the greatest service to the editors just where they are weakest—in the task, best not attempted, of piecing out Vasari so as to become a sufficient guide to Venetian painting. They might have profited by, or at least indicated the existence of, such invaluable sources as the documents published a couple of years ago by Signor Pietro di Osvaldo Paoletti. About Emilian art much is to be learned from A. Dondi's 'Duomo di Modena.' And, to cite but one other omission, the best work on Jacopo della Quercia is one published last year by Carl Cornelius. While under this rubric let us note an omission which for American readers is most flagrant. We have not here so many paintings by Vasari, least of all frescoes, that we can afford to neglect them. Yet an edition of Vasari perhaps written and certainly published in New York fails to mention that the famous fresco of St. Christopher painted by Pollajuolo for S. Miniato fra le Torre is now in the Metropolitan Museum. In this connection we may add that, according to rumor, Titian's renowned "Europa" is no longer at Cobham Hall, but in America, and the greatest work of art here.

The notes betray haste, resulting in solecisms, barbarisms, and confusion. Among Botticelli's pupils was one whom the master made the butt of his practical jokes. His name was Biagio di Tuccio, and there our knowledge ends. But this did not suffice the annotator, who takes the pains to tell us that this Biagio, the simpleton pupil of Botticelli of Florence, was identical with the magnificent and renowned Venetian painter, Vincenzo di Biagio Catena. And what shall one say to such statements as that the Bramante of Milan who painted in company with Piero dei Franceschi for Nicholas V., was not Bramante the architect! We thought everybody concerned with art knew that Bramante the architect was also a painter (indeed, you may see works by him in the Casa Prinetti at Milan, and in Chiaravalle, close by), that in this art he was the pupil of Piero dei Franceschi, and that he lived in Milan many years of his life and hence was called Bramante of Milan. Such slips—and the present edition of Vasari has many—are made by compilers only. Hence all the objections we have to Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins's "Vasari"—which, nevertheless, is, for such as must read dear Messer Giorgio in English, the best edition in existence.

MORE WAGNER LETTERS.

Briefe von Richard Wagner an seine Zeitgenossen. 1830-1883. Zusammengestellt von Emerich Kastner. Berlin: Leo Lipmannssohn. Pp. 138.

EMERICH KASTNER of Vienna is one of the most industrious of the German scholars who have devoted their life or leisure to collecting documents relating to Richard Wagner. His Wagner Catalogue, published in 1878, contains many valuable critical and literary details. Subsequently, while he was editor of the periodical *Parsifal*, he enlarged his collection to more than 100,000 documents and clippings, similar in character to those which Oesterlein has printed in his four-volume 'Wagner-Katalog.' In 1885 Herr Kastner had already issued a brochure entitled 'Wagneriana,' containing a list of about 400 letters written by Wagner. This list he has now enlarged to 1,470 letters, and printed it under the title placed at the head of this review. The letters are, so far as possible, arranged in strict chronological order, and, besides the addressee and date, the entry gives the first line or two of the contents; for these lines there is a special index. An appendix of eleven pages gives a list of the recipients of the letters (nearly 300), from which one gains some idea of Wagner's epistolary diligence. The value of this appendix has been increased by a few words of information regarding each of the correspondents.

Herr Kastner is aware that even the present collection is by no means complete. Indeed, within a few weeks the *Frankfurter-Zeitung* and the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* have printed a large batch of unpublished Wagner letters of which he had no information. It is likely that there are a good many others, some of them in America, and it is desirable, for the sake of having a complete record, that the recipients should put themselves in communication with Herr Kastner, in care of his publisher.

The letters printed for the first time in the February numbers of the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* (Berlin) are addressed to the late Otto Wesendonck, one of Wagner's most generous and hospitable friends during the years of his Swiss exile. In the first of these letters, dated 1856, Wagner asks Wesendonck reproachfully if he really fancied that he could make an "unbusinesslike" arrangement with the publishers in regard to the Nibelung scores; adding: "You do not like to be addressed simply as a business man, and in the same way you do me an injustice by crediting me with no business sense at all." On the whole, Wesendonck was right; Wagner often did make very unbusinesslike transactions. In this Nibelung business, when Wagner failed to come to terms with Breitkopf & Härtel (who have regretted it ever since), he offered to dispose of the scores to Wesendonck, who generously advanced a large sum which he had no hope of ever seeing again. It was simply a delicate way of making his friend a present.

Wagner's eagerness to plunge into new projects before he had completed older ones, is illustrated in a letter of this period in which he exclaims: "Besides 'Tristan' I have now taken up a second subject which so absorbs me that I should like to annihilate all intervening work, so as to get as quickly as possible at the elaboration of this new plan. It is to be entitled 'The Victor.'" A few months later he wrote a letter which affords valuable testimony as to his sincere admiration of Liszt's symphonic poems, and notes Liszt's great joy thereat. In this letter, too, Wagner expresses himself reconciled to current misunderstandings as to his works, since even Liszt had to confess to him that he had been unable, without the composer's help, to fathom some of their depths. Elsewhere he says of his own operas: "These works are so difficult, and so far away from all current theatrical routine, that I can save them from complete misinterpretation solely by permitting at least the first performances to be given only under quite exceptional conditions."

The letters to Wesendonck contain many exclamations of gratitude for his friendly efforts and services, and one touching letter of sympathy written on the death of Wesendonck's son. The correspondence extends to the Paris "Tannhäuser" period and beyond. The following detail is not recorded in any of the biographies: "A Russian general, director of the imperial theatre, came to me with this alternative: either for me to go next September to St. Petersburg, remain there all winter, produce 'Tannhäuser,' conduct grand concerts, and receive therefor 50,000 francs, half of it to be paid at once; or nothing at all. Every suggested combination and compromise with the impending performance of the opera in Paris was rejected." Of course Wagner could not go back on the Paris project undertaken at Napoleon's wish, and so he lost the Russian offer.

The letters printed in the *Frankfurter-Zeitung* are addressed to Wendelin Weissheimer, a pupil of Liszt, and a well-known conductor and composer. He was one of Wagner's most intimate friends during the period when "Die Meistersinger" was composed, and aided him not only musically, but financially. On May

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22, 1862, Wagner wrote to him: "Since this morning, my birthday, I know that the 'Mastersingers' will be my master-work." Most of these letters belong to the period (shortly before King Ludwig summoned Wagner) when his distress had reached its maximum, and they are therefore full of all sorts of wild schemes for raising funds. Some of the wildest of these schemes, strange as it may seem to us, were concert projects in the principal German cities. At these concerts Wagner conducted selections from his older operas, together with some from his new works; but the Germans had neither money nor ears for him. At Leipsic, for instance, in 1862 (twelve years after the first performance of "Lohengrin"), Weissheimer gave a concert, the proceeds of which he had kindly offered to turn over to Wagner. But, as he explains in a note, "In spite of the coöperation of Wagner and Hans von Bülow, the audience was very small. Instead of the expected surplus for Wagner, I had a considerable deficit. The *Gewandhäusler* of that time had passed the word that they would shine by their absence, and let Wagner conduct the 'Tannhäuser' overture and the new 'Meistersinger' Vorspiel *to empty benches.*"

Outside of Germany, especially in St. Petersburg and Budapest, Wagner had better luck with his concerts, and this led him to write to Weissheimer in 1863:

"I must now see how I can earn my living, as I am sincerely convinced that I can hope nothing more for my works from the theatres Now that I have reached my fiftieth year I must know what I am to live on; the incredible success I have just had in Pesth points the way in which, even though it be at great sacrifices, I can do something for my future. The world comprehends and pays only the *virtuoso;* at the head of an orchestra, with my few compositions, I shall appear to be one, and in that rôle I must now—and it is high time—provide for myself."

The correspondence with Weissheimer extends to the period subsequent to the King's invitation of Wagner to Munich. The last letter printed contains a line that throws light on a disputed point: "The large salary which the King gives me has been purposely stated at a smaller figure." Weissheimer, in a postscript, makes the important announcement that these letters are only specimens of the treasures in his possession, and that the whole collection will be printed next autumn in his 'Wagnerbuch,' a volume of considerable size, which will contain the reminiscences in full of his intercourse with Wagner for many years.

Heroic Japan: A History of the War between China and Japan. By F. W. Eastlake and Yoshi-aki. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh.

If the industrious and conscientious authors of this book had been content with limiting their title to the first two words, no fault could reasonably be found with it, for the work is a picture of national heroism and individual heroes. The work is not, in any honest sense of the word, "a history of the war between China and Japan." Almost nothing is said of the Chinese view of the questions precipitating the war, or of China's abilities and methods of procedure. This arises less from the authors' unwillingness to state the facts than from their ignorance of them.

Even from the Japanese narratives and captures, it is seen that this war was not one between two countries. On one side was an alert, warlike nation, thoroughly unified from within, with uniform ideas, culture, traditions, political and military organization. Its army was officered by and composed largely of veterans of its own civil wars, and gathered from every province and district of an empire which had been born again with a modern nervous system of telegraphs, railways, steamers, and telephones. It was armed, equipped, moved, fed, taught in hygiene, and its individuals nursed in hospitals when wounded or sick, on an absolutely uniform system, at the head of which is an Emperor for whom any soldier would die. The Japanese were infused with a love of country and Emperor, and hereditary hatred to China, that made their whole quick movement one mighty hammer-blow. They had had experience of modern ships and weapons during twenty years. On the other hand were two or three Chinese provinces, ruled by a few men—very few indeed who had any direct interest in the war. From these provinces only came the drilled troops, numbering perhaps no more than twenty thousand, who opposed the Japanese. The Chinese people at large, in a country without wires or rails, scarcely knew that there was a war After Li Hung Chang's regular troops had been destroyed in Korea, nearly all those sent to fight the Japanese were the usual riff raff of Chinese soldiery, armed with weapons that would give a panorama of Chinese military history during three centuries. Besides the bows and arrows, spears and jingalls captured, the Japanese found among their trophies ten different varieties of modern rifles. The Chinese military system was eaten up by corruption. There was no hospital corps. The miserable wounded had to crawl towards charity as best they could. The cartridges were often many years old and worthless. Not a few Japanese to-day wear as trophies the balls which hit them at moderate range without piercing clothing or skin.

We need go no further to show that we have here no "history" giving the facts upon both sides. In one respect, however, the work deserves unstinted praise. It has been written by men who have gone to the sources. They gathered their facts from living participants, eye-witnesses, and official papers, and the narrative as told may be relied upon. Printed by natives in Tokyo, one can easily add to the three or four pages of errata furnished on a leaflet with the book. The English not infrequently is of a very Japanese sort, besides being garnished with occasional slang and colloquialisms much better left out. The reproductions of ships and naval scenes from photographs and paintings are tolerable. The numerous portraits, while hardly to be called works of art, give a wonderful idea of the intellectual force of these heroes.

The method of narration is to begin without any philosophy as to the origin of the war, save as the translation of the diplomatic correspondence and the imperial rescript reveal such. The opening chapter, describing the sinking of the *Kow shing,* is one of the best, clearing the subject of exaggeration and misstatements. Twenty-three chapters deal with the campaigns in Korea and Mantchuria, the great naval battle and the capture of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. Following the text of each narrative is a collection of anecdotes of heroic exploits. These certainly show the splendid courage of the Japanese officer and private. Indeed, this volume demonstrates what the average Japanese samurai—the hereditary man of letters and arms in Japan—refused to believe a generation ago, that the unprivileged men, peasants, farmers, or mechanics, could be heroes in war fully equal to the old knights who monopolized the art of bloodshed. The present reviewer well remembers how angry many of the sworded gentry were, how they resigned, and prophesied all sorts of calamities to come upon Japan, because the army and military honors were opened to "pudding faces."

Except to the military student, the story of battle is monotonous, as it could not help being when all the successes were on one side. It was the sharp sword of Japan cutting through Chinese cheese. It is the story of the great uprising of Japan which unified a nation only recently emerging from feudalism, giving the people a national consciousness such as nothing before had done. The student will welcome the story of the superb organization of the army, showing how the Japanese excel in order and system. The medical staff and its work are finely described. Each soldier was well armed, equipped, and instructed as to personal hygiene. Whether for ice and snow or sub-tropical heat, he was properly clothed and fed. Above any other modern army that we ever heard of, that of Japan was waited on and helped by tens of thousands of trained laborers of hardy physique and in perfect subordination. The chapters on the field postal and savings-bank service, transportation, finance, the Red Cross Society, work of the women, the song writers, the poets, the diplomatists, are all full, accurate, and of novel interest. Altogether they make a most wonderful story. Without contradiction we may salute heroic Japan, while it is hard to honor the Russians, German, and French for their behavior at the ratification of the peace negotiations at Chefoo, when, in presence of the two petty little Japanese ex-merchant steamers bearing civilian diplomatists only, the mighty allied war-ships not only had, but kept, their decks cleared for action, and maintained a sort of mock battle which kept the whole scenery hidden in gunpowder smoke.

Military science will note that in this campaign the Japanese infantry showed themselves, not only able to endure all weathers and climates, to fight all winter in snow or in heats, but to march well and deliver a fire of amazing effectiveness. The Japanese field artillery proved by its lightness and range all that was expected of it; the shrapnel fired being especially demoralizing. For cavalry service the Japanese is not well fitted. His legs are not long enough. Little of importance was accomplished by horsemen in mass during the campaigns, but they served handsomely as scouts. The pluck and stubborn valor of the picked riders made up for their physical defects. On the Chinese side even the hardy Mantchu cavalry melted away like frost before the sun in presence of the ordinary infantry handling the Murata rifle. Of the Japanese sailor too much in praise cannot be said. His inheritance of centuries of acquaintance with the sea and ship life, his inbred subordination, his coolness, valor, and burning patriotism, made him the typical hero on the battle ship. He was just the little man needed to live in the torpedo-boats and drive them through and inside the great booms of wire and wood to the sinking of the steel clad Chinese men-of-war.

Brilliant as the record of 'Heroic Japan' is, it tells us nothing of Formosa, in which the Japanese, besides having as heavy fighting as in Mantchuria, with vastly more loss in killed, wounded, and by disease, won little glory." Perhaps concerning Formosa we are to have a volume by itself. Within the

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limits we have mentioned, the book reflects great credit on the authors.

The Historical Development of Modern Europe, from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time. By Charles M. Andrews. Vol. I. 1815-1850. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

Prof. Andrews has accomplished an unusual feat in writing an historical treatise which is destitute of marginal headings and footnotes. Four hundred and forty-eight unbroken pages seldom greet one's eyes in this day of sedulous minuteness, when chapter and verse are expected for every second statement. Indeed, an accuser might easily be found to indict the author of so much unauthenticated assertion on the grounds of ignorance and empiricism. We are happy to say that we shall not be compelled to take this tone, but shall bear witness to Prof. Andrews's thoughtfulness and accuracy. He has some tangible results to offer, and we are not altogether sorry that his processes have been kept out of sight. To speak frankly, we think that his text would be a little more readable if accompanied by the right sort of footnotes, and that his points would be a little more readily distinguished if marked off by marginal headings. But it is refreshing to encounter an occasional historian who is so bent on the presentation of ideas that he is willing to regard facts as only the raw material of his dissertation.

The author lets it be clearly understood that he does not seek his constituency among college students, but among those who already possess a fair knowledge of the events treated. He departs from the parallel method of Fyffe and Stern for the sake of carrying separate movements throughout their whole course. His aim is, *mutatis mutandis*, similar to that of the writers of the French Encyclopædia. He seeks not so much to furnish information as to guide opinion. A corollary of this treatment is a graded arrangement of topics.

> "I have tried to present the subject with a distinct regard for the continuous development of the life and thought of Europe, rather than to describe events in detail or to present all subjects with historical completeness. Therefore I have given little space to the detail of the Austrian administration and policy, and one entire chapter to the growth of political experience and education in Italy. . . . I have treated the revolutions in Greece and Belgium chiefly in connection with the diplomatic history of Europe, and have said little, except incidentally, of internal events in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Sweden, for, however interesting and important these events are in themselves, they had little part in bringing about the great changes in political thought and organization that have characterized the last sixty years."

If Prof. Andrews seeks to guide opinion, he refrains from the dogmatism of historical philosophers like Buckle and Hegel. His generalizations are of the finite variety, and often consist of nothing more than the epitomizing of numerous but palpable facts. He has familiarized himself with much of the best recent "literature" which bears on the topics he discusses, but shows slight evidence of having concentrated attention on the "sources" of any one country, movement, or episode. We do not make this last statement in disparagement, for it must be remembered that in the College of the Six Days' Works coördination was held to be the highest of all functions. Prof. Andrews has digested a great deal of scattered material, formed views upon it, and presented it with due regard to its relations. There is ample room for books of this sort in many fields, and in none more than in history. Prof. Andrews acknowledges indebtedness to Sorel, Fournier, Dickinson, Von Sybel, and Stern, but his own individuality is by no means merged in what he draws from them. His work is not so much a history as a careful essay upon the results of research which has been conducted by competent authorities in each of the principal European countries.

Prof. Andrews, in a passage of the preface already quoted, tells us that he means to pay regard to "the continuous development of the life and thought of Europe." The present volume, however, is restricted in scope to constitutional and diplomatic questions. Even the chapters on "The Struggle against Absolutism in Italy" and "The Liberal Movement in Germany" deal first and foremost with these matters, in that they are occupied with the growth of new political sentiments. A change of title to 'The Political Development of Modern Europe' would define the nature of the contents more closely than the term now used. The leading motive of Prof. Andrews's composition, thus far, is the change which the character of European statecraft has undergone in passing from the maxims of the old régime to those begotten by the spread of national and democratic aspirations.

France is the conspicuous state of the period which is traversed by Prof. Andrews in this volume, and receives from him the prominence due to its central position. Five chapters out of ten fall to its share, besides its incidental part in the remainder. We find ourselves in accord with most of Prof. Andrews's observations, both on the domestic and foreign policy of the various administrations which intervene between the restoration of the Bourbons and the overthrow of Louis Philippe. We make one exception to this general acquiescence, for the purpose of questioning the justice of his estimate of the results achieved by Casimir Perier's ministry. Prof. Andrews says that "it left the country open to the same party divisions, the same economic dangers, the same discontent and bitter feeling that it found when it began its work. It did nothing to promote the liberties that the Charter promised and that the monarchy of Louis Philippe was bound to defend." It seems to us, on the contrary, that the ministry of Casimir Perier gave the July Monarchy its start in life, and bequeathed a good policy to its successors. It afforded an example of energy and resolution at a moment when they were eminently required. What it lacked was the opportunity of continuous effort. We believe that Casimir Perier was better fitted for dealing with the French prolétariat than was either Thiers or Guizot.

The extent of territory covered by Prof. Andrews and his method of combining criticism with narrative involve such a host of particular conclusions that we find it necessary to confine our attention to the salient qualities of his book. One cardinal virtue which it reveals is self-restraint, and one of its shortcomings is lack of apt illustration. Self restraint is traceable in the author's care to keep himself in the background, in moderation of utterance where the trend of his opinion is most clear, and in absolute freedom from diffuse writing. On the other hand, the absence of striking analogies and of passages which stick in the memory is to be regretted. Prof. Andrews is uniformly clear and escapes dulness, but we must confess that we have found some of his chapters a trifle monotonous.

Of the works already in the field, that with which Prof. Andrews's contribution to historical literature will be most generally compared is Fyffe's 'Modern Europe.' The latter, though intended to be a simple narrative, abounds in generalizations showing real insight. We mean to pay Prof. Andrews a compliment when we say that he has produced a valuable supplement to Fyffe. Should this be considered slight praise, we will go further and say that he has produced a book which few students of modern history can afford to neglect.

The True Life of Capt. Sir R. F. Burton. By his Niece, Georgiana M. Stistead. With the authority and approval of the Burton Family. Appletons. 1897.

An aggressive title like the above prepares the reader at the outset for a work that is to be disagreeable to somebody. A "true life," approved by the family, suggests that other lives have not been so approved; thus we are ready for a controversy. Fortunately, the chief person it is directed against is no longer alive. Poor Lady Burton! Four years ago, when she published her two great volumes of glorification of her departed hero—a glorification so comprehensive as more than once to include its writer—she could hardly have expected that the next and authorized biographer would hold her up to the world as one of the chief causes of the disappointment of her husband's career. Unluckily, too, the case against her appears conclusive, for, after having read her own pages, we cannot be surprised at hearing her charged with narrow-mindedness, with complete lack of tact, with meddlesome fanaticism, and even with never having at all understood the man who married her. Still, his failures and mistakes, which began long before his marriage, were often due to himself alone, as well as to frequent bad luck.

Richard Burton was a most uncommon man in many respects. So marvellous was his knowledge of Oriental languages and ways that it enabled him more than once to live and pass as an Asiatic among Asiatics. Few mortals have travelled so much or had such varied experiences. Besides his two most successful expeditions—his famous journey in disguise to Mecca and his discovery with Speke of Lake Tanganyika—he lived in India, Fernando Po, Brazil, Syria, Austria; he explored for gold in Iceland, Midian, and West Africa, and he visited countless other places, from Salt Lake City to Somaliland. In his quieter moments he wrote, not including magazine articles, letters, etc., some eighty-odd volumes of travel, grammar, falconry, bayonet and sword exercise, psychic facts, together with translations of various kinds, especially the works of Camoens from the Portuguese and the well-known version of the Arabian Nights. Such a person could not help being remarkable. Repeated ill fortune and certain defects were the causes of most of his lack of success. He never had a chance to show whether he was a good soldier, and he certainly was not fitted for a diplomat, being far too erratic, undisciplined, happy-go lucky, and indiscreet. Even his niece tells us that he was a poor judge of character, misjudging and misjudged. His sanguine temperament, combined with a queer imagination, and a reckless disregard of what he thought prejudices, naturally made him dreaded by the sober-minded. When sent on an embassy to the

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king of Ashantee, he danced a *pas seul* before his Majesty, a proceeding that excited unfavorable comment at home, where such complaisance was not thought to befit the dignity of the representative of Great Britain. After his failure at Damascus, the English Government was not likely to trust him with so delicate a place as the mission to Tangier, for years the object of his ambition, but preferred to stow him in a quiet berth at Trieste, with such leaves of absence as have seldom been granted to any other consul. All told, he was not unkindly treated.

Miss Stistead has given us a thoroughly good biography. Though a great admirer of her uncle, she does not conceal his weaknesses, but writes, in the main, soberly and impartially with excellent judgment. Her style is not as heavy as her first few pages would lead one to fear. She has compressed a great deal into a small volume, not confusing us with too much detail, and yet describing many a picturesque incident and scene. Her book is interesting from beginning to end. Short as it is, we get from it a satisfactory idea of the story and personality of one of the most extraordinary men of his time.

Fifty Years' Reminiscences of India: A Retrospect of Travel, Adventure, and Shikar. By Colonel Pollok. Illustrated. Edward Arnold. 1896. Demy 8vo, pp. xii, 341, pll. 16.

THE reminiscences of the author of 'Sport in Burmah,' who returns to his wonted theme in the present volume, go back to the old "Company" days when he was first sent to India as a cadet. The title raises expectations which the book by no means satisfies. Half a century yields a crop singularly barren of general interest, and almost to be called trivial. More than the first third of the book deals with those incidents of camp and garrison life with which Kipling has made us familiar, but we have them with the Kipling element left out, and they consequently amount to little. Passing this by, we discover the real purport of the book in its sub-title—it is solely for the sportsman. As the preface says: "The only apology the author has to offer for the publication of these reminiscences is the hope of amusing and instructing those who may be thinking of taking to sport in earnest." The business of the book really begins with chap. vi., p. 126, on pig-sticking—a theme appropriately introduced by the old song:

> "The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
> Whate'er the wise may say:
> My morning thought, my midnight dream,
> My hope throughout the day."

Those to whom such a notion as that may appeal will find the bill of fare exactly to their liking. It includes all the great game of India, and is prepared by a veteran chef who knows how to season and serve his dishes. After pig-sticking comes elephant-hunting, then the killing of buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and tigers; with leopards, bears, samburs, and such small game—for so it appears by comparison—thrown in as *obiter dicta*. A mighty Nimrod's memories kindle afresh as he recalls the scenes of his exploits, and he tells his stories with much of the nervous energy he must have once possessed in the field. The most exciting one deals with a man-eater which escaped him after all, to be killed by a herd of buffaloes (pp. 248-270), though the Colonel was a man of such mettle and accomplishments that he made nothing of "bagging" a tiger or two before breakfast, if his luck was fair. The volume concludes with a chapter of advice to sportsmen going abroad—no doubt sound to the core, if fifty years' experience at the business counts for what it should; and with a great number of culinary directions adapted to the resources of the sportsman's larder. The literary quality of the book is indifferent, but those who take to such sport in such deadly earnest will probably be indifferent to that quality. Sixteen full-page plates by A. C. Corbould illustrate hunting scenes.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Angot, Alfred. The Aurora Borealis. Appletons. $1.75.
Arber, Edward. The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers, as Told by Themselves, their Friends, and their Enemies. London: Ward & Downey; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
A Satchel Guide to Europe. 1897. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Baldwin, Prof. Joseph. School Management and School Methods. Appletons. $1.50.
Baskett, J. N. The Story of the Birds. Appletons. 65c.
Beazley, C. R. The Dawn of Modern Geography. London: John Murray.
Becke, Louis. By Reef & Palm. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 75c.
Beerbohm, Max. The Happy Hypocrite. John Lane. 35c
Bowker, R. R. The American Catalogue. 1890-1895. *Publishers' Weekly.*
Buck, F. T. A Fiancé on Trial. Merriam Co.
Buckley, Rev. J. M. A History of Methodism in the United States. Vol. II. Christian Literature Co.
Bund, J. W. W. The Celtic Church of Wales. London: David Nutt.
Castle, E. J. Shakspere Bacon, Jonson and Greene. London: Low, Marston & Co
Catherwood, Mary H. The Spirit of an Illino's Town, and the Little Renault. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Christiansen, Prof. C. Elements of Theoretical Physics Macmillan. $3 25.
Cramer, Rev. M. J. Ulysses S. Grant: Conversations and Unpublished Letters. Eaton & Mains 90c.
Emmens, S. H. Some Remarks concerning Gravitation. New York: Plain Citizen Publishing Co.
Fletcher, J. S. God's Failures. John Lane $1 25.
Gamble, Eliza B. The God-Idea of the Ancients; or, Sex in Religion. Putnams. $2 25
Hale, Rev. W. B. The New Obedience: A Plea for Social Submission to Christ. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Hepburn, C. M. The Historical Development of Code Pleading in America and England. Cincinnati: W. H. Anderson & Co.
Holden, Warren. Boyhood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 20c.
Howe, Prof. H. A. Elements of Descriptive Astronomy. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1 30.
Ker, Prof. W. P. Epic and Romance: Essays on Medieval Literature. Macmillan. $4.
King, Capt. Charles. Fort Frayne. F. T. Neely. 50c.
Lesser, M. A. Echoes of Halcyon Days. Hartford, Conn.: T. J. Spencer.
Luckock, Rev. H. M. Footprints of the Apostles as Traced by St. Luke in the Acts. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $3 50
Malone, Walter. The Coming of the King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Maurin, S. W. Practical Studies on the Parables of Our Lord. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
McMillan, Mrs. Alec. The Evolution of Daphne. P. F. Collier. 25c.
Miller, J. B. Leo XIII. and Modern Civilization. New York: The Eskdale Press
Müller, Mrs. Max. Letters from Constantinople. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Nansen, Fridtjof. Farthest North. 2 vols. Harpers. $10
Orpen, Mrs. Perfection City. Appletons. $1.
Orred, Meta "Glamour": A Romance. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1 25.
Prince, Helen C. A Transatlantic Chatelaine. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25
Roberts, C. G. D. A History of Canada. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.
Saintsbury, Prof. George. The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory. [Periods of European Literature.] Scribners. $1.50.
Schopenhauer, Arthur. On Human Nature: Essays (partly Posthumous) in Ethics and Politics. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. 90c
Smith, Dr. A. Donaldson. Through Unknown African Countries. Edward Arnold. $5
Sturgis, Russell, and Krehbiel, H. E. Annotated Bibliography of Fine Art and Music. American Library Association. $1.
Sturtevant, J. M., jr. Julian M. Sturtevant: An Autobiography. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25
Sullivan, Christine G. High-School Class-Book of Drawing American Book Co. 50c.
Thorne, Gerald. Heaven on Earth: A Realistic Tale. Lovell Bros. 50c.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vol. IV. Acadia and Quebec: 16.6-1629. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Tsountas, Dr. Chrestos, and Manatt, Prof. J. Q. The Mycenæan Age. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.
Wadham, E. English Versification: A Complete Practical Guide to the Whole Subject. Longmans, Green & Co.
Zola, Emile. Pages Choisies. Paris: Colin & Cie.

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An Autobiographical Romance. By MAURUS JÓKAI. Translated from the Hungarian by R. NISBET BAIN. (No. 19 in "The Hudson Library.") Published monthly. Registered as second-class mail matter. 16mo, paper, 50 cents. Also published in cloth at $1.00.

The Revolutionary Tendencies of the Age.

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Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1896, to 31st December, 1896,		$2,596,788 89
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1896		1,109,275 00
Total Marine Premiums		$3,706,063 89
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1896, to 31st December, 1896		$2,658,108 58
Losses paid during the same period	$1,249,999 01	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$646,420 25	

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and City of New York Stock; City Banks and other Stocks	$7,226,305 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise.	1,930,000 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	1,137,621 97
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	843,596 96
Cash in Bank	175,229 25
Amount	$11,312,753 18

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